

THE NEW CONTEST. BIG CASH PRIZES (SEE INSIDE.)

PEARSON'S

£1,000
Free Insurance

WEEKLY.

N 129.]

REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION TO CANADA.

WEEK ENDING MARCH 7, 1912.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

A PRICELESS POSSESSION

THE VERDICT OF THE PEOPLE.

Thousands of letters have been received from consumers of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa stating how glad the writers are that this wonderful food-beverage was brought to their notice. Fresh letters arrive by every post. Clearly the country favours the protection of health. And this is the special mission of Vi-Cocoa. It is health-protecting and disease-defeating.

Are you in favour of Protection?

Have you cast your vote for Health Preservation?

In other words, have you used or ordered Vi-Cocoa yet?

If not, then we would say to you: Be on your guard against the invasion of Disease!

Shield your health by using a food which is admitted by thousands to be "the finest food beverage ever placed before the public."

It works wonders when a man is "knocked up." Its gentle tonic properties quickly exert a beneficial influence upon his constitution and soon he is fit again. And having made him "fit" it keeps him "fit." Compounded of those four famous articles of diet—Cocoa, Kola, Malt and Hops—it contains just the qualities necessary to make a perfect food. Use Vi-Cocoa and your health is guaranteed.

Give Vi-Cocoa a trial. Never mind what you've been drinking at breakfast or supper in the past, start drinking Vi-Cocoa *to-day*—you'll feel the benefit of it at once.

Do not ask your grocer for 'Cocoa'—ask for

**DR
TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa**

it makes all the difference. Every grocer sells Vi-Cocoa in 6d. packets, and 9d. and 1s. 6d. tins.



PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.



No. 1129. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING MARCH 7, 1912. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

MIDDLES
DONE EASILY.

MIDDLES

MIDDLES
DELIGHTFUL SPORT.

The Splendid New Competition. £100 IN PRIZES.

1st PRIZE, £50; 2nd PRIZE, £25; FIFTY PRIZES OF 10s. EACH.

THIS IS WHAT YOU DO.

First of all, choose one word containing an odd number of letters from any reading column of this number of "Pearson's Weekly." Then construct a sentence or phrase of two words (called a "Middle"), which shall have some bearing on the chosen word. The first word of your "Middle" must begin with the middle letter of the word you choose, and the second with any of the letters in that word, or you may use the middle letter as initial of both words of your Middle.

For instance, take the word "NIGHTMARE," the centre letter of which is "T." Use this letter as the initial for the first word and, say, "C" for the second, and we get "TERRIFIES GERTIE." Or, again, take the word "SLIPPER," the centre letter of which is "P." We choose "P" again as the other letter and get "Pa's Punisher."

Here are a few other examples:

Word Selected.	Middle.	Word Selected.	Middle.
OUR	OFTEN OFFENDS	MONEY	NAVY'S NECESSITY
RIFLE	FRIGHTENS ENEMY	TRAMP	ALWAYS TIRED

Below you will find two entry forms for Middles. You are at liberty to use one or both. If you decide to use one, send a postal order for sixpence; if you use both entry forms you must send a shilling. You may send two Middles on each entry form.

This week we guarantee that the prize money shall not be less than £100, which will be divided as follows: 1st prize, £50; 2nd prize, £25; 50 prizes of 10s. each. Now that you see what we wish you to do, start to make Middles at once, and do your best to be the winner of a big cash prize in this new competition.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form or they will be disqualified.
2. Each entry form must bear the usual signature in ink of the competitor. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
3. Each competitor must give his or her real name and address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
4. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out, attach to it a postal order for sixpence, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
5. Mark your envelope "Middles No. 3," in the top left-hand corner.
6. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, March 7th.
7. There are two entry forms, you may use one or both. You may write two Middles on each. If you use the two entry forms a postal order for 1s. must be sent.
8. Everyone who enters must send a postal order for 6d. with the entry form. The P.O. must be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and must be crossed "A. & Co." in the manner shown in this example. The number must be written in the space provided on the entry form. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one entry form the number of this P.O. must be written on each entry form.
9. Of the amount received one half will be awarded to the sender of the Middle considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a Middle thus selected by the adjudicators, this half will be divided amongst all such senders.
10. The remaining half will be awarded in gifts by the adjudicators amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.
11. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.
12. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
13. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

NO GRATITUDE.

Two little boys were having their dinner in a London restaurant for the first time, and amused themselves whilst waiting for their dinner with gazing round the room.

Evidently the younger one had noticed the card "No gratuities allowed," for, when his brother was brought his dinner, and said "Thank you!" the younger one seized him by the arm, and, turning very pale, said:

"You ought not to have said 'Thank you.' Don't you see that 'No gratitude' is allowed?"

"I SMOKE nothing but a pipe now."
"Practising economy?"
"No; but the fellows who used to treat me to cigars apparently are."

SHE: "I see by this paper that the average person speaks 12,000 words a day."
HE: "Yes; but you're above the average person, dear."

"THERE'S one thing," he said jeeringly, "men never get together and talk about one another the way the women do."
"No," she answered; "I don't think they do. There is nothing interesting to say about them."

"I SUPPOSE," said the man in the yellow ulster, trying to be chummy, "it doesn't hurt your glass eye when you get anything in it?"
"Does it look as if it would ever be likely to have a pane in it?" responded the other frigidly. And he gave him a glassy stare.

AN OPPORTUNITY GRASPED.

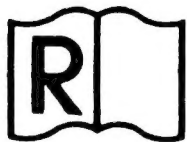
"THERE is a tide in the affairs of men," said the man who habitually quotes Shakespeare, "which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune."

"Yes," replied the man who had married an heiress. "I remember the tide that led to my fortune well."

"What tide was that?"
"It was eventide, and we were sitting in the garden."

"DID you ever hear about the hard luck the tax collector for the new Insurance Bill had?"

"No. What was it?"
"He called on a mesmerist. She hypnotized him into the backyard, and made him beat carpets for five hours."



Money, Watches, Blue Bird Brooches, Briar Pipes, and Silver Pencil-cases offered in this week's footlines.

Look Here!

BRUTAL.

The American newspaper reporter has neither pity nor fear nor respect, but for sheer impertinence the latest story would be hard to beat.

Mr. Rockefeller, the mighty millionaire, attended a service at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in New York to hear the Rev. R. J. Campbell preach, and a body of reporters kept a stern eye on him all the time of the service.

Said a Boston paper afterwards: "With the singing of the hymn Mr. Rockefeller's lips were seen to move, but no sound issuing from them could be detected in the least resembling music."

THE BISHOP'S GAITERS.

It was an American reporter who once described the Archbishop of Canterbury as being "in Highland dress," referring apparently to his Grace's ecclesiastical apron and gaiters.

An even better description was given in a story told by the Archbishop. He overheard two little street boys discussing his appearance.

"Wot's 'e, Bill?" asked one, jerking his thumb towards the Archbishop.

"'Im?" was the reply; "w'y 'e's a Scotsman wiv a cold in 'is legs!"

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

THEY were discussing the deputation that waited on Mr. McKenna the other day with reference to the maintenance of the blind.

Said one man: "A tram conductor passed a bad shilling off on me the other day, and just as I discovered it I passed a man standing in a corner with a sign 'I am blind' on his breast, a tin cup in his hand, and a little dog at his feet. I was very annoyed about the shilling and wanted to get it out of my sight as soon as possible, so without really thinking what I was doing I slipped it into the man's tin cup. I hadn't turned away when the man cried out, 'Here, that's no good to me!'"

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed. "Aren't you blind?"

"No," he said; "I'm begging for the dog."

WHICH?

If one is not mistaken, it is Mr. McKinnon Wood, whose promotion to Cabinet rank has made a by-election necessary in one of the Glasgow divisions, who tells a story of a Parliamentary candidate of foreign extraction and with a distinctly foreign name. Addressing the electors one day he said: "It is true, gentlemen, that my father and mother were foreigners, but I myself was born in this country and am a British subject."

One of the audience rose quickly. "May I ask a question bearing on that point?"

"Certainly!" said the candidate readily.

"Well, sir," said the elector, "can you tell me this, if a cat has kittens in a kipper-box, do they grow into cats or kippers?"

The candidate after that left the question of his nationality severely alone.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

VEDRINES, the French aviator, who is learning to play golf at Biarritz, says he considers it more difficult than learning to fly. One is reminded of a new golf story heard the other day.

On a certain famous course the approach to one of the holes has to be played over a stream on to the green. Most golf balls have a fondness for stopping half-way and falling into the stream, but a stranger who was playing on this course recently successfully drove his ball across. As he and his caddy leisurely followed the ball he asked: "What is this stream called?"

The caddy scratched his head.

"I don't rightly know, sir," he replied. "But when Mr. MacIntosh gets over it he says, 'That's carried the burn'; when he don't get over he says, 'In the bally sewer again!'"

TIT-FOR-TAT.

CONGRATULATIONS are due to the Tate Gallery on having acquired Mr. G. A. Storey's "Portrait of the Artist's Mother." One recalls a delightful meeting with Mr. Storey some time ago when, in the course of conversation, he told how he had turned the tables on an interviewer whose methods of doing his work were rather awkward.

This interviewer came into Mr. Storey's studio

with a paper in his hand apparently containing a list of the questions he meant to ask. But instead of leading up to them one by one, he began to reel the whole list off one after the other, without giving Mr. Storey time to answer.

"Were your father and mother artistic? When was your first picture painted? How old were you then? Which do you regard as your best work? What did you get for it? Where is it now?" And so on.

Mr. Storey strongly disapproved of this method of procedure, but he bore the infliction patiently for some minutes; then, his patience exhausted, he suddenly interrupted the steady flow of questions.

"One moment!" he exclaimed. "Were your father and mother literary? When did you start journalism? Which do you regard as your best article. How much did you get for it and where did it appear? Who is the editor of your paper and how did you get to know him, and is he a nice man? Why do you—?"

But the interviewer fled.

KINDNESS.

ONE heard a new story recently about Sir Arthur Pinero, whose new play, *The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl*, has caused such a rumpus.

He was standing near two ladies who were discussing the private affairs of a well-known comedian and his wife.

"He is very kind to his wife," one of the ladies declared. "When he is on tour he writes to her every day."

"Oh, yes, I know," the other lady said scornfully. "He writes her a lot of flummery about the agony he endures while he is away from her, but he never sends her any money." She swung round to address Sir Arthur. "I don't call that kindness, do you?"

"Certainly," replied the famous dramatist—"unremitting kindness!"

RUDE GIRL.

ONE of the most amusing of recent "reminiscence" books is "The Spice of Life" by "Thormanby." He has some capital legal stories to tell. He knew a learned counsel once who always boasted that he looked twenty years younger than he was, but he had an awful blow one day when he was cross-examining a very self-possessed young lady. He wanted her to tell him the age of somebody she knew, or at least to make a guess at it, but he couldn't get a satisfactory answer from her.

"Come, you can generally form an idea of age from people's looks," he said coaxingly. "Now, how old would you say I am?"

To which the lady: "You might be sixty by your looks, but judging by the questions you ask I should say about sixteen!"

SOLD.

"THORMANBY" gives this dialogue between a particularly stolid and obstinate farmer and a cross-examining counsel of the bullying type.

"Now, sir, attend to me. Is this your handwriting?"

"Noa, it ben't."

"Remember, you are on oath, sir. Do you swear it is not your handwriting?"

"Yus."

"Does it at all resemble your handwriting?"

"Noa, I can't say as it do."

"Now, sir, no prevarication. I won't be trifled with. Does this resemble your handwriting?"

"I can't say."

"But you *must* say, sir. Will you take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours?"

"I know it don't."

"Oh, you know, do you? Well, just tell the jury *how* you know."

"Cos I can't write!"

FIVE OF THESE CHARMING BLUE BIRD BROOCHES



OFFERED ON PAGE 900.

Ever Been Had?

The Editor will give 2s. 6d. each week for the best paragraph accepted for this column. One of the famous P. W. penknives will be awarded for any paragraph used. If there is more than one sentence in a paragraph used the penknife will be awarded to the reader whose contribution was received first.

The half-crown prize this week is won by Mr. H. Bisby, Loneham, Lincoln.

HE RANG SOMETHING.

WITH the first pull the bell-rope parted. The sexton was in despair. Then a happy thought struck him, and he wrung his hands.

IN IRELAND.

"H'm!" said Sharpe. "I see by this paper that they never hang a man with a wooden leg in Ireland."

"Is that so?" queried his friend.

"Yes," replied Sharpe; "they hang him with a rope."

NONSENSE.

A COLLIE-DOG a melon saw,
And thinking "Oh, how jolly!"
The collie ate the melon,
And was filled with melancholy.

CHORTLES' SPECIAL SERIAL STORY.

THE beautiful girl entered the door of the old mill.

A gust of wind slammed the door to after her. At this moment—

(To be continued.)

THE WEEK'S EXTRAORDINARY LIMERICK.

A RUSSIAN young girl named Novojokaziivitch,
Who lived in the village of Goloshjceksivitch,
Got tired of her name,
And to alter the same,
She married a man named Zhskarych-and-a-whisk-
lot-more-of-the-alphabetovitch.

A FINANCIAL QUESTION.

"THIS bill seems high," said the lady to her milliner; "but I suppose I had better pay, so please receipt it and give me the change from this cheque."

"But wait a minute," she added. "If you deduct a penny discount, I shall save that amount, while you will lose nothing by so doing."

The milliner thought a moment, then did as she was asked and satisfied herself that she had not lost anything in this way.

What was the amount of the bill?

Solution below.

HER PA'S BOOT.

HER fairy form,
Her modest face,
Her charming air,
And winning grace,
Enchanted all
The lads in town,
And each one loved
Jemima Brown.
She oft was called
The village pride,
And for her love
I long had sighed.
I said I'd know
No joy in life till she'd
Consent to be my wife. She
Blushed quite red, and said:
"Oh, la!" and then referred me to
Her pa. His manner was both rude -
And rough, and when he spoke his tones
Were gruff. I asked him then in accents
Bland, to give to me his daughter's hand.
For answer he gave me his foot, incased
Within this cowhide boot.

Solutions.

A FINANCIAL QUESTION.

THE amount of the bill was £2. The deduction of a penny saves the penny receipt stamp.

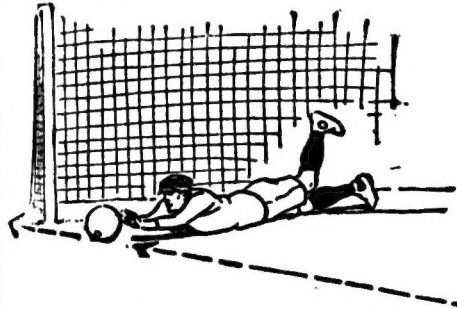
"Jones is a very poor footballer." He thinks otherwise, though. Last week—

WELL SAVED, GOALIE!

How to Tell a Good and a Bad Goalkeeper.
By Our SPORTING CONTRIBUTOR.

THE "goalie" in a match is often the most criticised of all players, but few people really know what good goalkeeping is, and often cheer a commonplace save, completely passing over in silence a first-class one.

For the purpose of finding out the art of good goalkeeping it is necessary to divide the shots received by the "goalie" into three classes—high



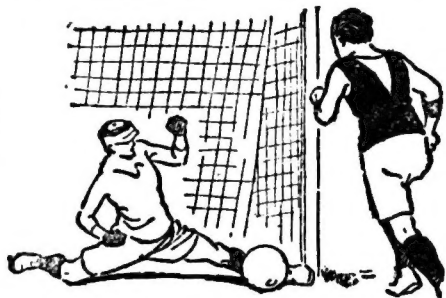
If the ball is passing across the goal, the good "goalie" will throw himself at right angles to it. It is then easy to divert the course of the ball.

shots, low shots, and medium shots, each requiring a different method of procedure on the goalkeeper's part.

The goalkeeper should avoid as far as possible the use of his feet to a low shot, and never on the goal-line should he attempt to kick a ball. The chances are that, if he is at all flustered, he misses his kick, and so loses a goal.

Many a goal is lost in this way, sometimes even the kicker mis-timing the ball, and missing it completely. A good goalkeeper always gets down on his knees to a shot of this kind, and returns it quickly to the opposite side of the field whence it comes.

This return to the opposite side of the field is one of the characteristics of a clever "goalie," his

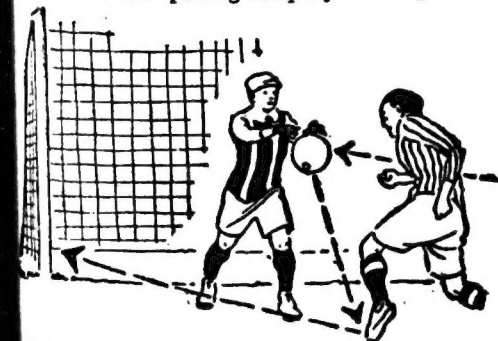


A bad way of saving, as the goalkeeper cannot rise quickly enough to clear the ball.

reason being that the attacking side always concentrate where the play is. The other wing will, therefore, be less dangerous.

To stoop down to a low, fast shot without getting on his knees betrays the weak goalkeeper. In many cases this results in the ball slipping through the goalkeeper's legs. Even when he does succeed in getting the ball, his head having been down, he fails to notice the onrush of an opponent, and often before he gets the ball away he loses it, and in a trice it is in the net.

To a low shot passing obliquely across goal the



A "goalie" who palms down a shot from the wing is apt to place it on the foot of another forward, who easily scores.

good goalkeeper always throws himself prone, as near as possible at right-angles to the course the shot is taking.

It is then easy to divert the ball from its course across the goal-line, which, in this case, is the only safe play. The unskilful goalkeeper, on the other hand, would probably attempt to kick away the ball, at all times a perilous situation, but exceptionally bad in this case, for, owing to the oblique passing of the ball across goal, it is exceptionally difficult to time the ball properly, and the kick is either spooned or miskicked, ending in disaster.

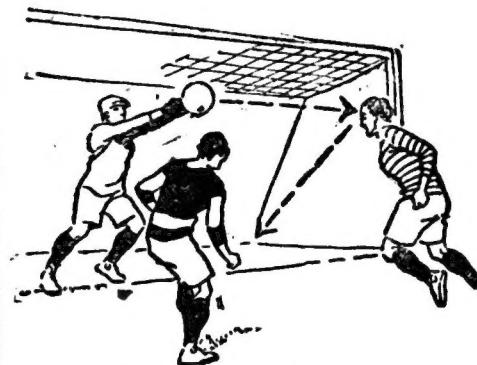
Sometimes an unskilful goalkeeper tries to save the same shot as in picture 2.

The goalie slips down with one foot against the upright, the other behind him. Now, the objection to this is clearly obvious. The goalkeeper prevents the ball from going through the goal, but, as he cannot quickly recover himself, the opposing forwards are in on him before he even can get up, far less before he can dispose of the ball.

A goalkeeper is quite justified in kicking a ball moving across goal, for it is quite evident that no danger can accrue even if he miskicks it. The only danger is that the ball going from the goalie's foot might be gathered by an opposing forward—an eventuality easily overcome by the goalie "lobbing" the ball over the opposing forward's head.

Medium shots are really more difficult to save in certain positions than any other shots the goalkeeper gets. The good goalkeeper never attempts to palm down a medium shot, he always catches the ball and returns it quickly upfield. If the goalkeeper palms it down, an opposing forward may again secure the ball and score a good goal.

A good goalkeeper always attempts to get right in front of an oblique medium shot, and, by stooping,



One of the dangers of fisting out. An opposing forward may get his head to the ball and place it in the net.

catch the ball with his hands against his chest. Any other method may be disastrous.

No goalkeeper should ever attempt to throw the ball out unless he is sure he is a good distance from the goal-line between the posts.

The goalkeeper saves the shot, and in attempting to put it to the other wing, swings round and inadvertently, owing to forgetfulness, gives away a goal by putting his hands across the goal-line.

High shots are comparatively easy for the average goalkeeper. Rather too many goalkeepers are still prone to pull down a high ball. The proper play here is either to fist it out or to tip it over the bar.

A goalkeeper who fists the ball in front of goal instead of to the side exhibits marked weakness, and gives the others of the defence an attack of the "nerves." Instead of clearing the ball he has obviously disposed of it to the worst advantage, and in the most dangerous direction. Such a man should never be a goalie.

Penny Nips for Drug-Takers.

Women Eat Arsenic and Drink Ether. Men Like Cocaine.

LAST week a lady given to taking drugs for a complaint in her throat was acquitted of shop-lifting. In dismissing the case, the magistrate remarked that the lady's mind was confused, and she could not distinguish between right and wrong.

The drug-taking habit is, according to medical opinion, becoming a serious national danger.

The worst devotees are women. A woman suffers from neuralgia or some other nervous complaint, and goes to the doctor. The medicine that is prescribed gives her the much-needed relief. By some means or other she discovers what the drug was that has been given her, and then the fatal habit begins.

Slowly but surely the drug takes its hold on her until at last she finds it impossible to shake it off.

Highly-strung people such as artists, writers, actors, and actresses claim more victims than any other class. Just over a year ago, for example, a once well-known artist was found dying on the Thames Embankment. He had contracted the morphia habit, lost his once brilliant powers, and gradually drifted down through morphia to become a hopeless alcohol maniac.

Tried It as Nerve Stimulant.

Many actresses require stimulants in order to bring them through a nerve-trying ordeal on the stage. More than one brilliant career behind the footlights has been cut short by the fatal morphia habit.

One actress created such a favourable impression on her first appearance as to be looked upon as a second Ellen Terry. During a nervous crisis she took a dose of morphia, and, delighted with the immediate benefit of the drug, she had recourse to it at other times. Before anyone found out what was happening she had become a confirmed morphomaniac.

Instead of the brilliant future predicted for her she gradually grew worse and worse, managers had to refuse her engagements, and she finally took to drinking eau-de-Cologne, methylated spirits, and anything else which would give her a temporary release from the torture of a racked body and more racked mind. Recently death laid a merciful hand upon this promising actress.

Arsenic eating is indulged in in England to an extent which is hardly realised. By the Society lady of the West End and the factory girls of the East End the drug is swallowed in amazing quantities.

It is known that minute quantities of arsenic give the skin a dazzling purity that is unobtainable in any other way. The evil is growing rapidly, for there are plenty of foul—no other adjective is bad enough—creatures who prey upon woman's vanity to do a roaring, though strictly secret, trade in this drug.

Plump Faces Due To Arsenic.

Many of the fine, handsome, plump faces and figures that one sees are entirely due to steady doses of arsenic. More than one death has been caused by incautiously increasing the daily amount, deaths that are painful in the extreme.

Opium in many forms is sold all over London and other big cities. There is practically nothing to prevent anyone buying large quantities of laudanum if a plausible explanation is given.

Many victims of the habit consume as much as three ounces daily, and if a chemist chose to open his mouth, he could tell many a tale of customers dropping in regularly for their usual drop of laudanum.

Ether drinking is more common in Ireland than it is in England. This is probably because of the ease with which it can be obtained and its low cost compared with that of whisky.

In some parts of Ireland a quarter of the women take "nips." A pennyworth is sufficient to bring about a state of intoxication. In a very short time the ether victim becomes hilarious and shouts and dances in a most absurd fashion. The effect only lasts an hour or two, as a rule, and after that time the drinker has a terrible fit of depression.

When a man takes to drugs he prefers cocaine as a rule. The reason for this is that it is injected with a hypodermic syringe, which leaves tell-tale marks on the skin.

A man who has taken to cocaine asserts that the prick of the needle is an exquisite pleasure.

—he actually got hold of the ball and scored a magnificent goal.



An Unknown Sweetheart

The Story of a Girl who was Too Good.

By VERNON RALSTON

MR. HINKS looked angrily at the clock. "Half-past seven and Mabel not in yet. I've a good mind to go down to that office and tell 'em the overtime is beyond all reason."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said his wife. "Twenty-seven and six a week is not to be sneezed at, and they'll put 'er up to thirty shillings at Christmas. Then I'll 'ave the charwoman for an extra day every week. Me and Beatrice are nearly run off our feet as it is."

Mr. Hinks brought down his fist heavily on the table. "That's like you wimmen! Always trying to dodge work! Besides, you only pay a charwoman eighteen-pence. It's a nice way of collaring a shilling for yourself. No, when Mabel gets 'er rise there's eighteenpence of it to go to 'ouse rent, and a shilling to the coal club. I've thought it all out. I've a business 'ead, I 'ave."

"That means you'll 'ave 'arf-a-crown more a week to spend at the Social Club!" said Mrs. Hinks bitterly. "You 'old your tongue. A man must 'ave a bit of pleasure some time. But Mabel has no business to be so late. I can't 'ave this overtime. It ain't right for a girl to work late on Fridays of all nights."

Mr. Hinks was peculiarly sensitive to any delay on Friday evenings because it was his daughter's pay-night. He himself did not get paid till the Saturday, and owing to an emptiness of pocket on Fridays he was unable to go and enjoy his usual game of solo-whist at his club till his daughter came home.

Beatrice Hinks looked up from the novelette she was reading and said: "I don't know that it's always overtime. I met young Hudson who works in their office last night—"

"Pip, pip!" interrupted Mr. Percy Hinks.

"Ush, Percy!" said his mother; "as if Beatrice 'adn't a right to meet 'er friends if she wants to."

"Well, he told me that they'd not worked overtime for a month."

"Bless me, and she's been late 'ome every night for weeks!" exclaimed Mrs. Hinks. "I never troubled to ask 'er about it, thinkin' it was overtime at the office. She must 'ave got a young man on the quiet."

Mr. Hinks gasped with horror. "What's a girl like that earning good money and with a comfortable 'ome want with a young man. I won't 'ear of it! I'll tell 'er I won't allow it on no account! It's some grasping young beggar 'oo wants to live on 'er wages! I'll bet—"

A latch-key was heard in the door and Mr. Hinks stopped. The next minute a slight, pretty, quietly dressed girl entered the room.

"Good evening!" she said brightly. "There's the money, mother, if you want to go out shopping."

"I've got to go out at once!" said Mr. Hinks, with an important air. "I'll 'ave to talk to you serious, Mabel, when I come back. There'll 'ave to be an end to these goin's-on!"

In an absent-minded manner Mr. Hinks withdrew a half-crown from the little pile of coins on the table and vanished from the room.

"What's the matter, now?" asked Mabel Hinks, a little wearily.

"If your own conscience don't tell you," replied her mother, "I can't say nothing. I suppose it's more overtime that you've been working."

"I never said that I had been working overtime," returned the girl.

"No, no—it'd 'ave been more straightforward, in a way of speakin', if you'd told an untruth. It's your sly ways of deceivin' without sayin' anything that 'urts your poor father. He's almost 'eart-broken! I suppose you didn't see his face as he went out of the room?"

"I was watching him pick up the money!" said the girl, with a touch of contempt in her tone.

"That's all you think about—money! The good name of the family is nothing to you. I don't know what people won't be saying in this street. Now I want to know 'oo this young man is you're going out with. He's a bad lot, I know, or else you'd not be hiding things from me."

"I won't have anything said against George!" replied the girl.

"I'll say a good deal to 'im when I set eyes on 'im. As for your poor father and Percy there—well, if they set 'ands on 'im there'll be sad work."

"I'll 'ave no man playing fast and loose with my sister!" remarked Mr. Percy Hinks. "He'll be very sorry when he meets me!"

Mr. Hinks junior blew a cloud of cigarette-smoke into the air with ferocious zest.

"He will be sorry when he meets you!" said his sister bitterly. "You'd certainly borrow five shillings from him, and as certainly never pay it back again."

Mr. Hinks returned home some hours later, and he was in an unusually bad temper. He had lost his half-crown at solo-whist, and his fellow-players, knowing the deplorable laxity of his memory, had declined to allow him to continue playing on credit.

"This is a sad night for us, William," began Mrs. Hinks.

"You shut up," replied her husband sharply.

"Where's that Mabel?"

"What do you want now, father?" said the girl.

"About this young man of yours. I tell you I'll not 'ave it."

"Mother has been saying precisely the same thing all the evening."

"She's mad on this George of 'ers, William," interposed Mrs. Hinks.

"His name's George, is it? He'll be very sorry for 'imself when he comes across me. If it runs to forty shillings and costs at the police-court I'll teach 'im not to run after my daughter."

"Why am I not allowed to marry?" inquired the girl calmly.

"Because a woman's sphere is the 'ome. I jus' boil with anger when I think of the money I've spent on you, an' jus' when you're beginning to pay a bit of it back again you want to go off with some young man 'oo'll be coward enough to live on your wages."

"He won't," said the girl.

"Won't he. If he's a man why don't he come straightforward to me and say, 'Mr. Hinks, I want your permission to court your daughter.' Then I'd see what 'is position was and what money he 'ad, and answer according. But this under'and business, it shows your George in his true colours. Now I'm going to put my foot down."

"And not before it's time," exclaimed Mrs. Hinks.

"Stop jawing," responded her husband. "Now, if you marry this man—and it's ten to one he don't mean marryin'—you'll never enter this 'ouse again. Your mother, and brother, and sister 'll 'ave nothing more to say to you. And if I meet you in the street I'll never recognise you."

"And you'll be sadly short of money at your club," replied the girl.

"Good-night. I'm going to bed."

Mr. Hinks was too flabbergasted to reply.

For the next week the family treated the erring one with stern severity—only relaxed a little on Thursday night. Mrs. Hinks suggested that it would be well to soften a little then lest the erring daughter should be tempted to bolt with her wages on the Friday. However, the money was duly paid in and Mr. Hinks was not deprived of his customary week-end diversions. But on Monday morning Beatrice spread doleful news amongst the household. "She's staying in bed, and says she isn't fit to go to business," began the girl.

"Mark my words," said Mrs. Hinks, "this is just spite. She's as strong and 'ealthy a girl as ever was. If she'd my 'eadaches she might talk."

"You get 'er up," said her husband, "else she'll lose her job. You don't expect me to keep the lot of you, I 'ope. Bless me, I must run for my 'bus. I never do get my breakfast on a Monday if Mabel ain't down to light the fire."

Mrs. Hinks went up to interview her daughter, and had to admit that she was poorly. She said she would write a note to the office, and send it round by Beatrice.

However, when the note was written Mrs. Hinks announced to her son and younger daughter that she intended to take it herself.

"I'll just 'ave a word with 'er boss and 'int to 'im that if she's not been quite satisfactory lately it's because she's been going about with a young man we don't approve of. I'll ask 'im just to let 'er know she'd better drop it."

Percy Hinks looked up from spotting winners in the morning paper. "Don't you let your chin wag too much, mother. They don't like it in business places."

"You trust me," said Mrs. Hinks. "I wasn't be'ind the door when tact was given out."

An hour later Mrs. Hinks, arrayed in her Sunday best, sailed into a City office.

"What name, madam," said the office-boy—seeing

from the grimness of her mouth that this visitor was not to be trifled with.

"Tell Mr. Hayward that Mrs. Hinks wishes to speak to him."

The next minute Mrs. Hinks was shown into the private office.

A clean-shaven, shrewd-looking man of forty glanced up from a pile of papers, and said: "Well, madam."

"I'm sorry to tell you, Mr. Hayward, that my daughter's taken ill with her throat."

"Your daughter?"

"Miss Hinks, who types here."

"Oh, yes, yes. Sorry to hear it, Mrs. Hinks. Your daughter is a clever and intelligent girl, and I assure you that I appreciate her services. It is awkward to be without her, but tell her not to come back again till she's quite better."

"But there's one other thing I wished to speak to you about, Mr. Hayward. Now, you see my daughter is not like the rest of us. She's what you might call the odd one of the family. She's no more like me than that coal-scuttle is."

"Yes, yes," said the employer, whose curious glance at Mrs. Hinks fully showed that he saw a real difference between her and her daughter.

"Well, I'm afraid that it'll 'ave interfered with her work lately. You see she's taken to going about with a most unsuitable young man. We don't appreciate it at all, but she's that obstinate."

"Well," inquired Mr. Hayward, glancing at the clock.

"I don't wish to waste your valuable time, sir, but if you could give 'er a 'int that she'd be better off if she dropped him it might stop 'er."

"I certainly don't want to lose Miss Hinks. She's very useful to me. This man—who is he?"

"It's all mystery, Mr. Hayward. We know nothing of him save that his name is George. Now a 'int from you sir—"

"I'll think about it, but at present you see that I am busy. Tell your daughter to come back as quickly as she can. Good morning."

Two days later Miss Hinks returned to work and her employer rejoiced. He had suffered much from the other girl clerks during those two days. In the afternoon he said to her: "We'd better stay till seven to-night if you feel up to it, Miss Hinks. One and six arrears of the last two days to clear off. Can't trust those noodles out there with anything."

As she struggled with the mass of letters he looked up from his desk and watched her. He had not really noticed what a pretty girl she was before. Not in the least like her mother, he reflected with some satisfaction. Then her mother's request came to his mind. He had put it aside as an absurd thing for her to meddle with, but this night, as she brought him the letters to sign, he felt a strange sense of irritation against the young man who was to run off with her son.

He looked up suddenly from the letters and said impulsively: "Your mother was here on Monday, Mrs. Hinks. Who is this gentleman you are engaged to?"

The girl burst out crying.

"Hush, hush, what's the trouble? Have you quarrelled or broken off the engagement? What's up with this George—your mother did not mention his other name."

The girl sobbed for a minute and then said: "Well, Mr. Hayward, none of them cared for me at home but only for the money I earned. And I kept staying out late so that they should think somebody else had me. I thought that it might make them a bit kinder to me—but there never was a George or anybody."

"You poor little lonely thing," said Mr. Hayward, stroking the typist's hair.

A month later as Mr. Hinks left his work one mid-day a clerk stopped him. "Mr. Hayward wants to know if you'll go to the City at once. I've got a taxi here."

"Don't tell me nothing's happened to my daughter," cried Mr. Hinks. "It'd break my 'eart. We was dependent on 'er at 'ome any'ow, so your boss'll 'ave to fork out. There's no gettin' over the Workmen's Compensation Act."

When Mr. Hinks arrived at the office he found Mr. Hayward seated there.

"You Mr. Hinks? That's all right. Sent for you to tell you that your daughter is going to marry to-day. Then we're going for a honeymoon."

"God bless you, sir," said Mr. Hinks, "and thank you little girl. Why did she keep it a secret from me and old dad? This is the best news I've 'eard for a long day."

"Just restrain your enthusiasm for a minute, Mr. Hinks. I sent for you so that we could come to a definite understanding about our future relations. I know precisely how you've exploited your daughter. You've taken all she could earn and given her nothing but unkindness. However, she is a good enough not to wish you to be any worse than you will, therefore, receive twenty-seven and six a week, the precise amount of your daughter's wages. If you ask for any more or intrude on my wife's pocket in any way the allowance will stop. Now, if you'll excuse me," said Mr. Hinks, "I'll be in a way you're almost one of the family, don't you payin' me the first week's allowance in advance."



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A Parson on the Prowl

Some Sad, Amusing, and Tragic Experiences of a Raw Curate.

WHEN I announced my intention of writing this article for *Pearson's Weekly*, I was met at once with the scornful query:

"What can there be of interest in going round to see a lot of people?"

The opinion wrapped up in that question is, I know, not a singular one; a good many, the majority in fact, share it. Hence my revelations.

As a raw curate I was at once given a district to visit, and some of my experiences, weird, comical, sad, tragic, may be of interest. I am a minister of the Church of England, and I know *P.W.* readers are to be found in every religious body in Great Britain, but I trust I shall offend no one by what I write.

I knocked at the door of one house and was bidden, gruffly, to come in. I entered, and sitting before a very small fire, only a few cinders in fact, was a very seedy-looking man. He had a fearful cold, too.

Too Sad for Words.

I told him that I was the curate, and was glad to find him at home. He grinned, as if this rather amused him. We talked generally for a few minutes, and then I came to business.

Did he go to any place of worship?

No. No time.

Would he like to join my men's club?

No time.

Was he out of work?

No.

I glanced round the room; it was poverty-stricken. The man looked ill; it was a bitterly cold day, and surely here was a case for relief. First

of all, before broaching this subject, I asked if Mrs. Brown were at home.

No, she was out charing. And the children? At school.

I felt sorry for the man. Could I send in a hundredweight of coal? He'd be mightily pleased, he assured me, with a shiver. And a shillingworth of groceries, and some bread? Ah, it'd all come in useful.

I impressed on him the necessity of going somewhere on Sunday, asked him to tell his wife I had called, and feeling that I had done a bit of good, I said "Good afternoon!" and went.

I ordered the coal and groceries to be sent at once. Now, please don't laugh, because even after some years, I still feel "ratty." The man was the broker's man, in possession for unpaid rent!

On another occasion I called at a cottage, and at first my knock was unanswered. Then a little

*Sing a song of praises,
The finest in the land!
If you want to win them,
Carry "Pearson's" in your hand.
(See page 886.)*

girl opened the door a few inches and informed me:

"Please, muvver says she don't want any to-day!" I passed on; this seemed conclusive.

I had missed a very regular child at Sunday School, and I went to see what was the matter. I knocked at the open door, and from upstairs the mother told me to "come in," adding that "they were in the kitchen."

I went to the kitchen and found a lot of bedding heaped up. I waited until the woman came down, and then very quickly bundled out. The poor child had got virulent smallpox and had been taken to the isolation hospital. The bedding was ready to be taken away and burnt. That frightened me a little bit, I confess.

A lady scout, otherwise a district visitor, informed

me that in a certain alley there was a case of illness. Would I go? It was, she felt sure, the third house on the right.

I went, and mindful of the sick person's rest, gave a gentle rat-a-tat on the door. A huge, red-faced woman opened it and glared at me.

"Peace be to this house and all that dwell in it," I said. (This, by the way, is the salutation which parsons of the Established Church are directed to use when visiting the sick.)

"Bill, Come and See It!"

"Wh-a-at?" she replied, leaving her mouth wide open. My courage was oozing, but I said again meekly, "Peace be to this house." I could not say the other half.

She looked at me and turned round. "Bill," she bawled, "come 'ere and see it!"

A very lively oath and the scraping of a chair announced Bill's advent. What might have happened I know not, but a meek voice at my elbow said, "Please, have you come to see my husband? We're next door."

Returning from a funeral with my robes in a small black bag, I thought I would pay a few visits, as the afternoon was still young. To my repeated knocks at the door of a tall, narrow house I could get no reply. I was passing on, when I heard a window open on the second story.

I stepped out of the porch and looked up to where I had located the sound. I got much more than I had bargained for, for a load of dirty water cascaded over me, and a basin fell with a crash on the flagstones, narrowly missing my head.

I heard afterwards that a traveller in sewing machines, or it may have been mangles, I forget now, had induced the woman to buy one on the instalment system, but as very early in its career the machine had gone to pieces, she had refused to make any more payments.

The canvasser had called several times, and high words had passed. He always carried a small black bag, like mine, and his day for calling was the day I had chosen to call. More need not be said.

BRIGHT IDEAS FOR TRADE WEDDINGS.

A sweep's wedding has just been solemnised at Maesteg, in Wales. At the bridegroom's request, all his friends and relatives attended the church with blackened faces and spot-begrimed clothes. Below, our cartoonist shows how other tradespeople can have weddings suitable to their calling.



Be nice! For the best sayings I will give five watches. Mark postcards "Off's." (See page 904.)

"Good-bye! Name, Gilmour!"

The Final Adieux of Men Who have Suddenly Come Face to Face with Death.

THE words that form the title to this article composed the last message of the famous airman, Gilmour, as his machine came crashing to the earth.

Many a brave deed has been done and many a brave word spoken on the brink of death.

In September last year a Mr. Frank Miller was burned to death in an aeroplane at a height of 200 feet. It was the last day of a series of exhibition flights, and Mr. Miller was unwilling to go up again on account of motor trouble. A crowd assembled in front of the hangar shouting, "He is afraid!" The airman withstood the taunts for a few minutes and then ordered out his machine.

"No one shall call me a coward!" he cried.

Those were the last words he spoke to any human being. At a couple of hundred feet above the earth the motor caught fire. An instant later the gasoline tank exploded, scattering fragments of the aeroplane in all directions. Mr. Miller fell to earth fearfully crushed and burned.

"Look After the Lad!"

Charles Gotts, a well-known football referee in Norfolk, met a death that the bravest man in the world might have been proud to meet. He, his brother, and a boy were engaged in sinking a well in the Bacton Abbey grounds, when the sides began to fall in. Charles Gotts ran to the ladder, and was about half way up when he was caught by the falling earth and timber.

He could have still forced himself up, but that would have meant the death of the two below. He did not move. Instead he called to his brother, "Look after the lad!" and stayed still while a party of fellow workers hastily dug a trench to the bottom of the well.

For three hours the rescuers dug at the earth round the boy, and finally he was lifted into safety. Then they turned to Gotts. They found his body upright, just as it had been caught. He had been crushed to death by the continued falls while the boy for whom he gave his life was being rescued.

The sea has been responsible for as many brave deeds as the land. In August, 1909, two steamers, the *Humboldt* and *Rupert City*, received the wireless distress signal, "C. Q. D." and then, "Ohio struck rock. Sinking. Send aid immediately or all lost."

The *Humboldt* was the first to arrive on the scene of the disaster, and rescued nearly 200 people from the ship's boats. Five lives were lost. One of these was that of the wireless operator who sent the C. Q. D. message. His last message was received by the wireless station at Ketchikan, in Alaska, and ran as follows:

"Passengers all off. Adrift in small boats. Captain and crew going off. Last boat now. I am trapped in—"

The message stopped suddenly.

George Eccles went down with the ship whose passengers he had saved.

**Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand,
And see what we will give you.**

This is our latest device for distributing gifts among the loyal readers of P.W.

It is not a competition, there is no entrance fee. All you have to do is just simply to carry about with you in the street, in the train, on a bus, or tram your usual copy of *Pearson's Weekly* and wait till you are spotted by one of the many representatives of P.W., who are all over the country.

Having seen you carrying a copy of the current issue of the paper, our representative will quietly hand you a postcard, ready stamped and addressed, to the Editor of P.W. in London. On this postcard is a long list of gifts, and all you have to do is just to place a tick against the gift you prefer, write your name and address in the space provided, and drop the postcard in the nearest pillar box.

A morning or so later the gift you have selected will arrive at your address with the compliments of the Editor. Already many readers have received gifts in this manner. You'll find a third list of names and addresses on page 904. So remember to

Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand,

And see what we will give you.

Our Knowledge Tests

Six More Half-guineas Offered to Readers this Week.

DO YOU KNOW THESE SIX PHRASES?

1. Lord Privy Seal.
2. Elysian Fields.
3. Deadheads (Stage).
4. Blatherumskite.
5. Secured and Unsecured Debts.
6. Plural Voting.

They are everyday expressions, and I want you to explain them. I will give six half-guineas for the explanations considered the clearest and best.

First of all write the word or phrase you choose on the back of a postcard, and put your explanation in as short and precise a way as you can—in any case, you must not exceed fifty words—and sign your name and address in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.

You may send in your explanation of all the six if you like, but each must be written on a separate postcard.

Address your postcard to the "Test" Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and post it to arrive not later than Thursday, March 7th. You may send all your postcards for this competition in one envelope, provided it is addressed as above.

AWARDS IN CONTEST No. 65.**(1) BANSHEE.**

The prize in this contest was awarded to H. T. C. Smith, 5 Eshe Road, Crosby, Liverpool, whose attempt read as follows:

A supernatural being, supposed by the peasantry of Ireland and the Scottish Highlands to wail under the windows of a house where one of the inmates is about to die. Certain families of rank are reputed to have a special family spirit of their own.

(2) SECOND BALLOTS.

G. Cooke, 13 Padwell Road, Southampton, contributed the winning explanation in the following terms:

In some countries when there are more than two candidates for one seat, and neither secures a majority of the votes cast, the two candidates who receive the largest number of votes are submitted to the electors a second time. This second ballot prevents a minority from electing its nominee.

(3) ORANGEMEN.

The winning definition was sent by Miss M. A. Kirby, South View, Spencer Road, Harpenden, Herts, and was thus expressed:

A society of Protestants pledged to defend the Protestant succession to the British throne, and the Protestant religion in church and State. It originated with the accession of William of Orange to the British throne in 1688, and is represented by lodges in Ireland, North America, Australia, and elsewhere.

(4) LOG (OF A SHIP).

The prize of 10s. 6d. has been awarded to C. Bailey, 47 Wickham Lane, Plumstead, for the following:

A book used in registering the rate of a ship's velocity, with notes on the state of the weather, and incidents of the voyage. Also the name of the apparatus which is used to ascertain the vessel's speed. Formerly it was actually a wooden "log"—hence its name.

(5) MOONLIGHTERS.

The winner, J. Devine, Boyerstown, Navan, Co. Meath, Ireland, explained the above term in the following words:

A body of armed, disguised men, who went about by night wreaking vengeance on harsh Irish landlords who had evicted their tenants. They usually sent warning letters beforehand, which were always signed "Captain Moonlight"—hence the name, Moonlighters.

(6) GRINNING LIKE A CHESHIRE CAT.

P. Howe, 5 Ferndale, Lambert Street, Hull, supplied the explanation of this phrase, selected as the best. It was worded as follows:

According to the best authorities the origin of this phrase is doubtful, but the general idea is that the people of Cheshire moulded cheese to represent grinning cats. The phrase afterwards became applied to anyone grinning in a manner suggestive of these Cheshire cheese cats.

LADIES

should watch the London

Daily Express

every Monday for Special Announcements of the Leading London Drapers.

On Sale Everywhere. One Halfpenny.

GOLDEN BILLIARDS.

Some of the Champions Make £5,000 a Year.

JOHN ROBERTS stated during the hearing of a recent law case that he expected to make ten thousand pounds in twelve months by touring England with George Gray, the Australian prodigy. That remark—widely published—will startle many people who have no idea of the money coined by billiard players.

The income of a first-class professional billiard player may be anything from £1,000 to £5,000 a year. H. W. Stevenson has often earned the last-named sum in the course of twelve months, while such well-known players as Inman, Reece, Harrison, and Diggle would consider themselves badly paid if they received less than £1,500, while they would not be surprised if their yearly profits were double that sum.

In England to-day there is a small group of professional cueists whose principal object is to keep all the loaves and fishes for themselves. To get into this "ring," or "trust," is a very difficult matter, and many a player from the colonies or America has tried and failed.

New-comers Frozen Out.

The English "pros" realise that the more of them there are the less would be the share of the spoils, and so unless the new-comer is a player of superlative gifts, he is unable to enter the "ring" and earn a living. George Gray, of course, had no difficulty, for in his case the British public will have him, and the leading English players were compelled to meet him.

It is easy enough to freeze out the new-comer, the method adopted being the simple one of declining to play him. And without a first-class opponent the best of billiard-players must soon fall into the second-class ranks, and there is no money for him there.

The professional player in England looks to his income from three sources—the billiard-table manufacturers, the public who pay to see him perform in public, and the patron who engages him for private exhibitions, and pays him handsomely. The latter is often the most profitable source.

John Roberts, who has done more to popularise billiards than any other player of his time, used to derive large sums annually from private exhibitions. The late King Edward as Prince of Wales was very fond of seeing him play, and so at many entertainments got up in honour of his then Royal Highness an exhibition match between Roberts and some Society amateur was invariably included. The fees ranged from twenty guineas to a hundred pounds—not bad pay for little more than an hour's work.

Hundred Guineas for Private Game.

Since his arrival in England George Gray has been the most popular professional for private exhibitions, and at one London house he received a fee of one hundred guineas for a private exhibition. When he made his record break of 2,116 unhit balls he was overwhelmed with offers.

At the present time George Gray is the most attractive billiard-player in England, for the public want to see him, even if his huge breaks are called as being monotonous. During his first year in England he is said to have made £2,000, which, considering the comparative shortness of the billiard season, is a remarkable feat for a boy of eighteen or thereabouts.

H. W. Stevenson is, of course, the leading English player, and, as champion, gets the biggest fees and the pick of the private engagements.

Melbourne Inman, Tom Reece, and Cecil Harrison follow closely on Stevenson's heels; while Diggle, now that he has returned to the table, is another popular favourite. All these men earn incomes at which even a Gaiety Theatre leading lady would not sneer. They are paid to play with certain balls, to play on certain tables; they can increase their fees by winning the championship; they can tour the world and reap a rich harvest—all through a thorough acquaintance with the most fascinating of indoor games.

There is an impression in certain circles favoured by the "strict" that professional billiard-playing leads to "drinking." It is surely hardly necessary to state that if a professional player took to drink he would cease to earn his living, for, as we depend upon a clear eye, a steady hand, and a sound brain, and these things do not come with the bottle.

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SILENT STRIKES.

Little Industrial Wars that have had an Amusing Side.

"The most perfectly conducted strike ever organised."

That is how a correspondent describes the great strike which has recently paralysed the city of London.

When the strike was declared the Government sent thousands of troops into the streets with orders to mercilessly repress any disorder. But there was no disorder. The strikers had orders from their chiefs to keep within doors.

There were no crowds, no shouting, no bombs, and the troops found nothing to do but loaf about and smoke cigarettes.

The so-called silent strike is not altogether a novelty. Three years ago a general strike was declared in Sweden, and silently and without a trace of disorder over 300,000 men ceased work.

Trams stopped running, electric-light and gas was no longer to be had. The water supply in Stockholm was cut off. There were no scavengers to clean the streets, no grave-diggers or undertakers to bury the dead.

Even Talked in Whispers.

On the other hand there was no disorder. Police and no arrests to make. Troops who were called out found nothing to do. The strikers kept out of sight, and those that were about wore their best clothes. People seemed to be afraid to break the silence. They even talked in whispers. The whole of Stockholm was plunged in a Sunday calm. The worst of it all from the point of view of the average citizen was that no newspapers were published, and so no one knew in the least what was going on.

The chief occupation of the strikers during this complete, but, happily, not lengthy strike was fishing. Hundreds sat along the quays with rods and lines, trying to catch a few fish to eke out their scanty meals.

A Boycott in Berlin.

Stopping of newspapers, one of the oddest strikes known occurred in Germany in 1908.

A certain German M.P., Herr Groeber, irritated by interruptions which came, as he believed, from the Press Gallery, turned on the reporters and denounced them as a set of "swinish louts."

He declined to withdraw the phrase, whereupon the journalists met and decided to boycott the member until they received an apology.

Next day there was an important debate. Not a single Berlin newspaper published a word of the proceedings. The country heard nothing of what was going on, and the members were in despair.

Prince Buelow was due to make a great speech on foreign affairs. He was told that it would not be reported.

The whole of his colleagues turned on Groeber and absolutely forced him to apologise. On the next day after his offence he made a full and ample apology, ending with the words: "I beg that I may be pardoned?" Never was a silent strike more completely successful.

Lay Down on the Railway Lines.

In January, 1910, an extraordinary scene was witnessed at Eodosia, in the Crimea. A party of Mohammedan pilgrims, returning from Mecca, each carried a large box containing holy water. The railway authorities ordered them to put these boxes in the luggage-van. They quietly but firmly refused, saying they would rather die than be separated from their beloved boxes.

About a hundred of them then lay down on the rails in front of the train. The authorities were powerless. They tried moving them. The men did not resist, but as soon as one was lifted, another would take his place.

Eventually the station-master was forced to give way, and the pilgrims were given permission to take their holy water into the carriages with them. When the train started, two hours late.

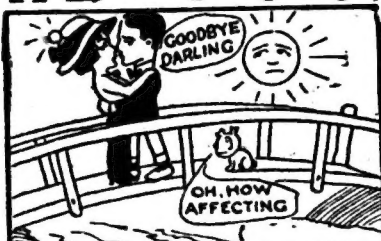
Two dear friends were discussing the matter which one of the dearest friends had attended. "The papers this morning speak of me as being among the beauties of the ball," said the one who had attended.

"And were you?" asked the other, with interest. "How nice it must have been! Who were the beauties?"

That was the beginning of their estrangement.

OUR MOVING PICTURES

FATE A Love Tragedy



THE STORY.

This film shows how the lives of two fond lovers were brought to a tragic end.

Gertie and Charles are saying good-bye to one another, and the girl gives her sweetheart a pin to wear as a symbol of her love. Charles is left alone to admire the present, when, horrors! it drops into the water. Although unable to swim, he plunges into the stream in order to obtain the priceless possession.

The scene changes: a week has passed. Gertie has grown tired of waiting for Charles and commenced her meal. Suddenly she chokes, and falls to the ground.

A doctor is sent for, an X-ray examination made, and the pin is discovered penetrating the lady's heart.

The trout had gobbled it up when it fell in the water.

DONKEY DAIRIES.

Asses' Milk is a Splendid Thing for Consumptives.

Most of our readers have probably noticed at one time or another the legend "Asses' milk" in the window of a particularly enterprising milk-shop.

As a matter of fact the sale of asses' milk is a very flourishing, though very small, industry of which the general public knows very little.

The average doctor does not recommend it, not because he fails to appreciate its value, but because he is well aware that the six shillings a quart demanded for it is beyond the purse of the majority of patients.

The chief reason why the milk is so expensive is that the mother ass absolutely refuses, with all the characteristic obstinacy of her breed, to give to man the whole of her milk.

She stipulates, in effect, that her foal shall first be properly nourished. Man may take what is left. Any attempt to remove the foal is promptly followed by a drying up of the milk supply. The result is that the average milking yields a bare half-pint.

Penned in Stalls Like Lambs.

If you were to make a tour of inspection over a "donkey dairy" just about milking-time you would see the asses penned in a row of big stalls, each having a little stall by the side of it in which the foal, little bigger than a lamb, is placed.

The task of the donkey milker is anything but a light one. The amateur would be sure to make a literal mess of the job, for the asses that like being milked are few and far between. Moreover, the kick of the ass is a good deal more varied than that of the cow, who only kicks sideways, and the milker has also to keep a sharp look out for the strong teeth of his charge. Twice a day the milker has to enter the stall—for a paltry pint.

The population of the donkey dairy is a shifting one. There is no regular stock, as in the case of a cow farm. The majority of the asses are brought in by the great donkey-owning class—the costers.

Good for Ailing Children.

It is an arrangement that suits both parties excellently—the coster particularly; for, instead of having to look forward to a period of loss by withdrawal from work as maternity approaches, the vendor of vegetables receives a substantial rent for his "moke" so that he can hire another to do his work and yet have a comfortable balance.

Another means of obtaining recruits is through country agents. In London the trade is virtually a monopoly, and the two or three big dealers frequently receive orders from dairymen in the country. And an arrangement is always made with these to send along information of any milch ass in their district. The dairyman receives a small payment for the information, and a representative is generally dispatched from London to make terms with the owner.

The milk is used chiefly for the delicate children of the rich and for the aged. It is also very good for consumptives, as tuberculosis is absolutely unknown amongst donkeys, whereas, as is well-known, it is very common in the cow.

It Cannot be Watered.

A few fashionable women and professional beauties use it for washing the face in the belief that it is especially good for the complexion. But this is largely the survival of an old superstition, for, applied externally, the milk is not superior to that of the cow.

One of the many virtues of asses' milk is that it is practically impossible to water it without detection. In its natural state it is so very thin and watery in appearance that further dilution could not escape notice. In composition it is more sugary and less cheesy than cow's milk.

The milk, to be effective, must be taken fresh; and for this reason it is impossible for those who live in the country to obtain supplies from one of the city centres. To meet this market the asses are frequently "sub-let"; but the renter has to pay the cost of carriage of mother and foal both ways.

The rent may be anything from one guinea a week. But he who rents an ass rents trouble. The journey may quite probably upset the mother, which will mean the attendance of a vet; while there will be great difficulty in obtaining a competent milker who will be able to do the work without injury to himself or his charges.

—why the girls of your own race are the prettiest in the world? Tell me in twelve words.



Too 'cute

A Detective's Story of
a Sensational Crime.

Told by

H. M. PAULL.

I HAD never had occasion to meet a detective before. But the mysterious disappearance of some valuable papers had necessitated my appealing to the authorities, and Mr. Davidson's visit was the result.

He was exactly what I had imagined a detective to be—clean-shaven face, keen eye, high forehead, unnoticeable features. He had telephoned for some information, and till it came I had him on my hands.

I suggested some whisky and a cigar; and no suggestion I had hitherto made had met his approval so immediately. Then I tried to make conversation: I imagined he would be an interesting man to talk to. We easily drifted from my particular case to crime in general.

"Yes, sir," he said; "it isn't the professional that puzzles us—it's the amateur. Now a burglary, for instance—I can tell at a glance if certain men have been in it. It's like being able to tell who's painted a famous picture without looking at the catalogue."

"I've heard of such cases," I assented.

"Exactly, sir. Then look at boxing; you know what a regular boxer will do pretty well, but an amateur takes you all by surprise. Then there's motive: one knows why a professional does his little job; but, bless you! there's no accounting for an amateur. I've known murder done for three-and-six, and a chap commit suicide because he'd lost his purse."

"Then your failures are with amateurs in crime?" I suggested. I felt at once it was in bad taste to allude to failures, and hastened to replenish his glass.

"I have failed sometimes," he assented, ignoring my apologetic action. "I can give you an instance if you like in which I was fairly done, and I don't know who wouldn't have been. You remember the case of Mr. Magit, M.P., a few years ago?"

I had a faint recollection of a murder case connected with the name.

"It was never found out, I think?" I remarked.

"No," he answered slowly, "it was never 'found out' exactly. 'Twas like this. Mr. Magit was a rather big sort of pot, rich and a bachelor; he had a post in the Government, Sub-Secretary of something. He lived in a house with a small garden at the back and a lane at the back of that with a high wall between. His private secretary—a young gentleman called Maddison—lived in the same house, and only servants beside. Maddison's salary was three hundred pounds a year, and he had one hundred and fifty pounds of his own. I learnt that later.

"Then one night in June Mr. Magit was murdered as he sat at his desk in the room looking on to the garden. I was sent for early next morning, and met the inspector and doctor. There was no doubt about the facts; someone had shot point blank at him about two yards off, and blown a hole in his head.

"Maddison was there, of course, and I heard his story. He'd been sitting in the next room, as usual, writing, when he heard voices through the door. He was a bit surprised as he didn't know Mr. Magit had a visitor. Then he heard a shot and rushed to the room to see his employer falling sideways off his chair with his head smashed, and a man vaulting over the low railing inclosing the verandah. I ought to have told you that the room was on the ground floor with a verandah outside; the French windows were wide open as 'twas a hot night.

"Maddison rushed to Magit to hold him up, then shouted 'Murder!' and rang the bell; the butler and servants came rushing in. They telephoned for the doctor and sent for the police, but there was nothing to do—the man was as dead as a door-nail. The butler ran to the garden, but, of course, there was no one.

"Then the constable had his little innings. He searched the garden and found the revolver under a bush. The door leading into the lane was shut but not bolted, but the butler could swear it was fastened securely an hour before; he always saw it was bolted at top and bottom before dark. The constable also pointed out to me a big dent in the bed by the verandah where the man had jumped down; but the lawn was too hard and dry to show steps over the grass except faintly.

"So I started off for my own investigations. Maddison offered to come, too, but I preferred going alone. I didn't want him to see what I did, because, after all, he was the only one who really knew anything about the murder, and though I never let myself get a prejudice in favour of one theory rather than another I had to be careful.

"His manner had impressed me favourably, but no

doubt he was upset and low in spirits. That was only natural, I thought, as he was in a bit of an awkward position, and must be worrying about being suspected and I gave him just a kindly hint or two to be careful. Then he sort of owned up he was in great distress, didn't know what he should do, and so on till my suspicions were growing every minute. 'Yes,' he says, 'you don't know what it means to me—I've lost my place.'

"That was a facer for me. It simply hadn't occurred to him that he might be suspected. To my mind, that put him right at once; a fellow who could bother himself about losing a place when he had murder hanging over his head was as innocent as I was.

"The first question was how could a man get into the garden? The tradesmen's entrance was out of the question; the side door was locked at eight. So was the door to the lane, and at eight it was quite light. There was scarcely cover for a child anywhere in the garden, so it was improbable that the murderer got in early in the evening and hid. The simplest way would be for him to climb over the wall from the lane in the dark, so I naturally investigated that first.

"A narrow flower-bed ran along the wall, and a glance showed me a broken bush and a dent in the soft earth. Then I went to the lane. The wall was a high one, 'twould have taken a very active man to climb it, and 'twasn't likely he would have risked a ladder. So I examined the wall carefully at the point opposite the broken bush, and found a strong nail driven in between the bricks about three feet from the ground. Putting my toe on this I found it would be an easy job to surmount the wall. Once in the garden 'twas child's play to unbolt the door and leave it open for retreat.

"I went back to the broken bush and groped over every inch of ground, and got my reward. I picked up a penny and a small pocket-knife. No doubt as the fellow scrambled over they had dropped out of his pocket. The penny was no use, but the knife might prove a valuable clue.

"I worked like a horse the next day or two, for this affair had made no end of a sensation and I wanted to pull it off if I could. But the only bit of help I got was from the butler who told me he'd heard his master at high words with a caller two nights previously. Mr. Magit himself showed his visitor out, which seemed

**Mary won a little purse,
It looked to all so grand,
For everywhere that Mary went,
She'd "Pearson's" in her hand.
(See page 886.)**

odd; and the butler heard the stranger say as he left: 'You've done me this time, but I swear I'll be even with you.'

"Magit laughed and slammed the door. The butler hadn't mentioned this to anyone, being a discreet sort of man; and I told him not to let a word of it pass his lips. I took down the best description of the visitor that the man could supply, and felt that at last I had a clue, though a pretty vague one.

"I asked Mr. Maddison casually if he had reason to think Magit had any enemies, but he wasn't aware of any. His employer didn't confide much in him, it appeared. He knew nothing of any visitor two nights ago.

"The inquest came on before I'd been able to do much in the way of a search for the mysterious visitor. The evidence was pretty much what I've told you, and the verdict, naturally, wilful murder by some person or persons unknown.

"It was announced that a reward of five hundred pounds was offered for the apprehension of the murderer.

"I thought luck was on my side at last when just before the inquest ended the butler whispered in my ear: 'That's him.' He pointed to a man amongst the crowd whom I had already noticed as taking a great interest in the proceedings. But before the day was out I was fetched up short again; the man was a Member of Parliament and was actually speaking in the House at the time of the murder.

"Though I wouldn't confess it to myself I was pretty hopeless. My only clues were the revolver and the pocket-knife, and there wasn't a ghost of a mark to show to whom they belonged.

"Then the absence of motive was puzzling; nothing but an insane desire for revenge could have prompted such a crime, for no robbery had been attempted. Of course, jealousy might explain everything, but so far, no woman had appeared in the case.

"I found out as much as I could about Mr. Maddison. The only matter of interest I discovered was that he was engaged to be married, secretly. The girl was a typist, highly respectable but poor. She had never been seen at Magit's house. Dead wall in that direction.

The detective stopped and took a drink. His manner indicated that his tale was over.

"So that's the end of it?" I inquired.

"No, sir. There's a postscript. Three months later I got a note from Mr. Maddison asking me to call at his rooms that evening as he had some information

of importance to give me. I was punctual, I may be sure.

"I've got news for you," he began, and I entered.

"About the murder?"

"Yes. I know who did it."

"Who?" I cried.

"Wait a moment. You must promise to be still and hear me out."

"Yes, yes; fire away, for Heaven's sake!" I said.

"I did it," he said calmly.

"You! You mean it?"

"I'm not likely to joke about it," he replied. "Nor sit still as you promised; don't get excited."

"Then the man who jumped over the verandah railing?"

"There was no man, of course."

"But the nail in the wall, the pocket-knife?"

"All very simple," he interrupted. "I'd got a theory that if one really wanted to commit a crime safely, it was easy enough, and so it seems."

"I was bewildered. Why did he commit the murder, and, if so, why did he confess it?"

"He seemed amused at my puzzled look. 'I told you all about it,' he said. 'I was engaged to a girl who wouldn't marry me till I had six hundred pounds a year. Magit wouldn't give me more than three hundred pounds, which was a very good screw, and I had one hundred and fifty pounds of my own. The only way I saw of getting the balance was by speculation; if I failed I was no worse off as regards marrying, and if I succeeded, 'twould be all right, so I started operating under another name. I made some money, and lost it; then made a little more, then lost a lot. The upshot was I had to take some of Magit's, of course, I meant to pay it back when I'd the chance. But he found it out before the luck turned. That very evening he had me in; gave me the sack, and told me that if I didn't repay the whole sum next day he would prosecute me. That meant prison and ruin; I'd no way of raising fifty pounds, let alone five hundred."

"That settled it. I saw that if I killed him no one would know about the money I'd taken, and that probably I should get the same post under the man who would take his appointment. The only difficulty was to murder him safely, and that I'd already thought about; for I'd seen the chance of his discovering the truth."

"I went back to my bedroom; got my revolver, which no one knew I possessed, and an old pocket-knife I hadn't used for years. Then I slipped into the garden by a side door, and got the garden's hammer and a long nail. There was no one in the hue, and it didn't take half a minute to do what I wanted. Then I broke a bush and trampled a hole in the flower-bed by the wall, dropping the penny and knife near; made another dent in the earth under the verandah—I had to be careful there; put back the hammer, and got back to my room where I cleaned the earth off my boots."

"Then I went to Magit and shot him; ran to the verandah and threw the revolver away, tore down a creeper and knocked over a pot, and then shouted for help and rang the bell. That's how 'twas done; simplicity itself, eh? I knew you would be so keen after your clues that you'd never suspect me."

"He really seemed rather proud of himself, and I confess I'd never heard anything much cooler and cleverer. No professional would have thought of it; that's where education comes in."

"And why do you tell me about it now?" I asked when he'd answered a few questions I put to him.

"It seemed a pity that no one should know how neatly I'd tricked you all," he replied. "And you're a decent sort of chap, and I should like you to get the five hundred pounds reward."

"That's no reason," I said.

"No, of course, it isn't. The real reason, my dear fellow, is that I'm tired of it all. The girl I was engaged to marry has thrown me over—she knows I've been losing money—Magit's successor won't appoint me his secretary—he's given it to a nephew, and I owe about one thousand five hundred pounds and haven't a shilling. Of course, I could bolt and start from scratch again, but I'm not equal to it—it isn't worth it. So I'm going to end it."

"He seemed almost to make a joke of it, and a suspicion entered my head that he was making a fool of me. Of course, it's not uncommon for people to accuse themselves of crimes they've never committed. 'You want me to arrest you, I suppose,' I said. 'But suppose when we get to the station you deny you've ever confessed and make me look like a fool?'"

"He smiled. 'I've thought of that, too,' he replied. 'I've written it all out and signed it; I'll get it for you.'

"He opened the door of his bedroom. I was after him like a shot, but I wasn't quick enough. He slammed the door behind him, and I heard the lock shoot just as I grasped the handle. I put my shoulder to the door with all my strength and the lock gave way. But I was too late—he had shot himself."

"There was a ring at my front door."

"That's my man, I expect," remarked Davidson, throwing away the stump of his cigar.

"You didn't get the reward, I suppose?" I inquired.

"I didn't, sir; I never had the check to ask for it."

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Offered Again for Football Results. NO ENTRANCE FEE.

This Football Skill Competition has been devised for the amusement of the many tens of thousands of our readers who take a keen interest in Association Football, and to enable them to put their knowledge to good account. The prize offered is £250, and the task set enables competitors to display their skill in following up football, and also fosters their interest in the game.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

On the entry form opposite you will find the names of the clubs taking part in seventeen matches to be played on Saturday March 9th.

You have first of all to make yourself acquainted with the records and capabilities of the various clubs, and decide in each case which club you think will win. Then draw a line in ink through the name of the club which you believe will lose. If, in your opinion, any of the matches will result in a draw, then leave names of both teams in.

As a help and guide to the exercise of your judgment, we recommend "Pearson's Football Annual," price 3d. (or post free 4d. from the Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.), in which will be found complete information regarding teams, records of play in past seasons, and results of corresponding League matches played last season, all of which are of enormous assistance in marking your coupon.

CONDITIONS WITH WHICH COMPETITORS MUST COMPLY.

1. The names of the teams which you believe will lose must be crossed out. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either.
2. The entry form must bear the usual signature in ink of the competitor. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
3. Each competitor must give his or her real address. Unless this condition is complied with the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
4. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "FOOTBALL NO. 25." In the top left hand corner, and affix a penny stamp. All attempts must be made to enter before 8 o'clock on Friday, March 9th.
5. The coupon may be sent by each reader.
6. The sum of £250 will be awarded to the competitor from whom we receive the entry form bearing what proves to be the correct result of all the matches played. In the event of a tie the sum will be divided.
7. Each competitor gives the correct result of all the matches played. The prize will be awarded to the competitor from whom we receive the entry form containing the greatest number of correct results. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided, and, in the event of two or more competitors being played, the £250 will not be awarded.
8. No competitor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-arrival of any entry form, and proof of posting will not be required as proof of receipt.
9. No competitor does not assume any responsibility for any alterations made to the fixtures given in the entry form.
10. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
11. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.
12. Competitors bearing an address in Scotland will be eligible for this competition.

RESULT OF CONTEST No. 25.

In this contest competitors were invited to forecast the results of matches played on Saturday, February 17th. The prize of £25 has been divided by J. Tyler, 2 Argyle Road, Montagu Road, Edmonton, and R. Williams, 22 Barwell Avenue, Barton Road, Patricroft, Lancs., who each only two incorrect results.

OUR MAGIC BOXES.

We will send you one for Lent.

HAVE you heard of our magic boxes? These are little red boxes, each of which is absolutely guaranteed to produce many a day's happiness, if certain very simple conditions are fulfilled.

There is a magic box for every reader of P.W. Write to apply for one.

But the potent charm of these boxes only works in the season of Lent; so that if you wish to make arrangements with the box of happiness you should send in your application at once.

You will receive by return of post what you will think at first to be merely a curious piece of red cardboard, something which does not look at all like a box. But follow the directions, and the cardboard resolves itself into the daintiest little magic box you ever saw.

Yes, it is a savings box; there is the secret of its charm. Following the directions, you paste

CUT OUT COUPON AND POST TO US UNFOLDED.

Pearson's Football Contest No. 28.

Matches to be played on Saturday, March 9th. Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

Sheffield Wednesday	Sheffield United
Manchester City	Preston North End
Bury	Newcastle United
Notts County	Liverpool
Middlesbrough	Aston Villa
Clapton Orient	Burnley
Bristol City	Chelsea
Birmingham	Notts Forest
Huddersfield Town	Grimsby
Glossop	Leicester Fosse
Blackpool	Gainsboro' Trinity
Southampton	Norwich City
New Brompton	Brighton and Hove A.
Crystal Palace	Luton
Plymouth Argyle	Leyton
Watford	Stoke
Queen's Park Rangers	Bristol Rovers

The above matches take place on the ground of the first-named club.

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signature

Address

WHAT WINNERS SAY.

Mr. F. Barnfield, 4 Finsbury Street, Sudden, Rochdale, winner of £250 in this Football Competition, writes:

"I have in my possession one of your 'Football Annuals,' and consider it an excellent guide and a great help."

Other winners who recommend "Pearson's Football Annual," are as follows:

Mr. J. Hindmarch, 18 Beach Street, Sunderland, winner of £125.

Mr. G. E. Pepper, 24 Station Parade, Norbury, winner of £25.

Mr. J. Lively, 57 The Side, Newcastle-on-Tyne, winner of £25.

Mr. F. Tilby, 14 Hamilton Mews, St. John's Wood Road, winner of £12 10s.

Mr. J. W. Blake, 11 Cobbold Street, Ipswich, winner of £12 10s.

Mr. W. J. Smart, 88 Bridport Road, Upper Edmonton, winner of £6 5s.

Mr. A. Hooker, White Horse, Fetter Lane, Holborn, winner of £6 5s.

"Pearson's Football Annual," price 3d., may be obtained, post free 4d., from the Publisher, 17 Henrietta St., London, W.C.

around it a printed label, which tells you the whole story.

"Lent Savings for the Fresh Air Fund," says the label. "Ninepence pays for a poor child to have a day in the country. Ten shillings will enable a child to spend two weeks at the seaside."

You cannot practise self-denial in Lent with better effect than by saving money for the F.A.F.

The magic box is very small—it is easily filled.

The man who denies himself two ounces of tobacco, and puts the pennies saved into the magic box, secures for one poor town child the golden day of its life.

Ladies who deny themselves a few sweets, or some trifling pleasure or luxury, can work the charm as easily.

Arrangements are now being made for the F.A.F.'s summer campaign. Won't you help to give the season a good send-off?

If you will, write to-day for a Lent Savings Box, addressing a postcard to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

When your box is full of money, send it to the same address, and you can rest content that you have worked a potent charm for human happiness.

WEAVERS IN WHITECHAPEL

A Little Bit of Lancashire in London.

By JAMES SHERLIKER.

I HAD a big surprise the other Sunday morning. It was in Middlesex Street—better known as Petticoat Lane. A stallholder with a Lancashire dialect as rough as a paving-stone was holding forth in his natural burr to a crowd made up of Cockneys, Jews, and foreigners.

He is a regular, I find. And he does a roaring business in hot peas. As he hands out the little plates to his customers he gives impromptu addresses on life and work in the cotton country.

"I came oop here on a visit," he says, "and I was takin' a stroll down the Lane—by which I mean I was fightin' mi way—one Sunday morning when I noticed Lancashire weren't represented. So I stopped. Who wants bread?"

"Lived in Proud Preston."

"Don't judge a man bi his stall, nor his chances in life bi the cut of his coat—Pennuth for you? Did yo ever hear of Bob Arkwright?—Yo'll find the mint sauce in that bottle—well, Bob invented the spinning mule—Slice, did yo say?—and fer a long time—Two plates over this side, George—Fer a long time nob'dy would take any notice of him because he lived in a cellar—Fivepence change, thanks—Yes, lived in a cellar at Preston. What (staring hard at a hungry-looking foreigner), never heard of Preston? Oh, but I'd ferget yo're a Russian—Lean oop, Tommy, yo'll have the show over in a minnit."

"Yes, splendid grub, peas. Sweet peas. Wot, oh! This is the year for 'em and this is the stall for 'em—nah, Lazarus, keep yer elbow off them slices—Hello, Tom (to a newcomer). We'll I'm jiggered! Who'd a thought of meeting yo 'ere. 'Ere you are, spoonful extry fer owd Lancashire."

Lancashire Life Attracts the Alien.

On another stall I came across little bits of spinning mules, and looms, and discarded mechanism used in the preparatory stages of the cotton industry. What earthly use they could be to anybody in London I am at a loss to know. I only know that they attracted the foreigners, and that a good many purchases were made.

Another Lancashire man gave an interesting speech to his cosmopolitan audience as he weighed out sweetmeats. He had been through the mill, he said.

"And by mill," he added, "I mean the place where we spin and weave yer clothes."

He gave word pictures of spinning looms and weaving-sheds, and placed his little hammer cross-wise over a piece of butter-scotch in explanation of the way the shuttle carried the threads across the looms. He made quick revolutions with his hand in the air to show the immense speed of a mill's machinery and told stories of girls' eyes being knocked out by flying shuttles and of men's arms being torn off between ceiling beams and shafting.

One Way of Getting a Crowd.

"That's the way to hold 'em," he remarked in a whisper. "Tell 'em something that has nothing whatever to do with yer business an' they'll listen. Fine way to get a crowd."

I noticed that the next stall on the right was held by a Jew. The next stall on the left was held by an Italian. Standing near was an Algerian selling silken shawls, and behind, a stout German kept a shop stocked with liver sausage.

The only real English people were Cockneys and ex-cotton workers.

"You didn't expect to come across a bit of Lancashire in Petticoat Lane," a friend remarked as we came away.

"Our fathers didn't expect to come across foreigners here fifty or sixty years ago," I replied.

"Are you hinting that in time Petticoat Lane may become all-British again?"

"Yes, if every county will do what Lancashire is doing, send stall-holders here."

"Let's ask them," he said. "Good idea."

"I AM so very fond of music," said Miss Kittish, as she swung herself round on the piano-stool and faced Mr. Harkins, after thrumming away for half an hour for his entertainment.

"Ah!" replied the young gentleman thoughtlessly. "Why don't you take lessons?"



Why We Wear Long Hair

Mr. MARK HAMBOURG,
the Famous Pianist, tells why
Musicians' Locks are Always Long.

Why do musicians wear long hair? I have heard the question answered in a variety of ways, some of which were not particularly complimentary to the artist.

For instance, some rude persons assert that musicians have long hair because they are always so hard up that they cannot afford the luxury of a barber—an unkind insinuation, which I hereby dismiss with the contempt it deserves!

On the other hand, I once heard the theory advanced that the musician is so much occupied with his art that he has no time left for worrying about the vulgar details of everyday existence, which make most men old before their time. The ruin of the artiste, therefore, remains in a calm and normal state, and consequently the cells of his hair roots retain their nourishment and his locks sprout accordingly. But, no, I'm afraid I cannot agree with even this ingenious theory.

Soldiers Wore Pigtails.

We must, I think, go back quite a number of years if we are to trace the fashion of long locks for musicians, back to the days when all men wore their hair long, for, as you know, the present fashion of close-cropped hair is a comparatively new one, and it was not so very long ago that even soldiers went into battle with pigtails down their backs.

But to-day the soldier crops his hair as close to the head as possible, while the musician still rejoices in long locks. Why is this?

Well, it seems to me most probable that the musician, being of an artistic disposition, deliberately prefers his hair long, because he considers it more becoming; and so, when the rest of society adopted the new fashion the musician refused to follow in the footsteps of others, and clung to the old style, remembering that the old troubadours, and wandering musicians, wore long hair, and wished to retain their tradition in this respect.

And so, as time went by, people forgot how common long locks used to be, and long hair came to be looked upon as one of the special attributes of the musician. So the tradition was confirmed that every artiste must grow his hair long, and in many cases the cult of long hair became a conscious pose, adopted by people who wished to be considered—but who were not really—great musicians.

Must "Dress the Part."

Another explanation may be found in the fact that there were always a great many foreigners in this country who were musicians, and as it is the fashion on the continent for men to wear their hair much longer than is the case in England, the continental musicians still further strengthened the idea that musicians should wear long locks. Meanwhile, musical people who did happen to be Britishers naturally felt that they must "dress the part," as the stage saying has it, and so they emphasised their claims for musical recognition by letting their hair grow.

This is, I believe, the true explanation of the problem, but at the present time I think the tradition shows signs of weakening, and I believe that to-day a really great musician would win his way to fame, even though his hair were clipped as close as a convict's.

It is questionable, however, whether the admirers of a musician who had already made his name would like their favourite to appear on the concert platform minus his locks. I rather think they would object to a surprise of this sort. They might even consider it an act of vandalism.

That long locks may be extremely convenient at times I can prove from an experience during my recent American tour. Kubelik was touring America at the same time as myself, and we both put up at the same hotel in San Francisco. While there I was extremely keen to visit the Chinese quarter of the city, and therefore obtained the services of a couple of detectives to take me on a tour of inspection. Their expenses, it was understood, were to be added to my hotel bill.

Well, we made our expedition in safety, and in the time came for me to leave 'Frisco,

so I settled my account, and continued my tour. What was my amazement, therefore, to find out later that the hotel people, on the principle that one musician is the same as another, had entered the expenses of my Chinatown visit upon Kubelik's hotel bill. You see, we both have long hair.

There is another argument in favour of long locks which I would like to advance before finishing this article, and that is their practical uses.

Suppose, for instance, that the unfortunate musician has to go touring through some very cold country. Well, then, his long locks stand him in good stead, for they help to keep his head warm. And then apply this argument to other parts of the world, and see how beautifully it works, for, if the long-haired one finds himself in a very hot country, his locks will undoubtedly be equally useful. They will act as a natural shield against the burning rays of the sun!

This brings us to the musician's own point of view, and I have no hesitation in saying that the wearing of long hair is by no means a pose in his case nowadays, but rather a question of personal taste and comfort.

The soldier who was suddenly forced to grow hair down over his shoulders would not feel more uncomfortable to-day than would the musician whose hair you suddenly clipped short to his head. We like it as it is, that is why we wear it so, but still I say let everybody do as he likes.

JACK TAR GETS "END ON" TARGETS.

Ask the man in the street whether he would rather fire at a Dreadnought broadside on or end on if he were a naval gunner.

It is ten to one he will reply "Broadside on," for the simple reason he will think that he has more chance of hitting his target because he can see more of it.

Now ask a naval gunner the same question and he will reply "End on" without much hesitation. The naval gunner will be right, and the reason is quite simple.

Look at the two sketches. The first shows a battleship broadside on to the enemy, and the second end on.

With a modern big gun it is comparatively easy to aim straight. The great difficulty is to find the right distance the target is away.

The width of a battleship is only about ninety feet, while its length is between five and six times its width. Broadside on a battleship, therefore, is like trying to hit a ninety feet object, while end on it is the same as a five hundred foot target.

Broadside on, four out of five shots would either fall short or drop beyond the target, although all shots would fall in a dead straight line. So that if the target were end on there would be a much better chance of the shot striking it.

If aim were as difficult to get as distance is, then naturally the first target would be the easier to hit.

But most gunners get the direction without much trouble.

A VISITOR.

THE country boys, who had been making bogies out of large turnips on the sly, placed a hideous, grinning one, with a lighted candle inside, in the yard for the purpose of frightening their little cousin, who had never seen anything of the kind. When it was quite dark her aunt discovered the child gazing with solemn intentness from the window.

"What is it, Mabel dear? What do you see?" she inquired.

"Don't say one word, auntie," was the reply, in an awed whisper, "for the Man in the Moon has come down, and is sitting out there on the gate; and he hasn't got anything but a head, and looks just exactly as he does in his pictures."

NOT CRICKET.

A Protest Against the Methods of the Australian Cricketers which, if we had not Won Back the "Ashes," we should have been Unable to Voice without being Accused of "Making Excuses."

ARE the Australians sportsmen? Or, put another way, are their ideas of playing and watching cricket so "nice" as our own?

The answers to these questions must be regretful negatives; the Australians fail to come up to our standard of "cricket" very often.

It is now apparently impossible for an English team to go to Australia without some unpleasantness, some differences in regard to the playing of or looking on at matches arising. Sometimes it is the Australian enthusiasts, sometimes the Australian players who are responsible for the friction; but there it is periodically cropping up.

The present M.C.C. team has only been in Australia about three months, but already two disagreeable happenings have marked the tour. The barracking of players is one, the use of resin on their hands by Australian bowlers the other.

Both F. R. Foster and Hobbs have sent protests to this side concerning the behaviour of the crowds on occasions.

Hobbs is Very Annoyed.

Hobbs was very emphatic in his remarks about the barracking to which the Englishmen have been subjected, and it is probable—considering the circumstances in which he is placed—that he has minimised, rather than exaggerated, the annoyance, if anything. Anyhow, it is safe to assume that he had no wish to bring a hornet's nest about his head "for fun."

What Hobbs said has been pool-pooled—by an Australian. F. A. Iredale, who came to England with the 1896 Australian team, does not agree with the Surrey batsman on the subject of barracking; he does not see very much in it to make a fuss about. But then he views the matter from a different point. What are bad, boorish manners to an Englishman are evidently not bad, boorish manners to an Australian.

In his book "How We Recovered the Ashes," P. F. Warner makes some pertinent observations on how Australian crowds sometimes "behave" themselves. Writing of a game at Ballarat, in which his team played, he says:

"The small boys showed a strong inclination to make noisy and frequently insulting remarks. These youths should be put down with a rod of good birch, for, if they are not suppressed now, in eight or ten years' time they will grow up into the type of man who barracked Crockett (an umpire) so disgracefully at Sydney."

"But, as they are apparently encouraged in their behaviour by many of their elders, it is, I expect, hopeless to expect any improvement."

It is, to say the least of it, unseemly that the players should have to stand up against a running fire of impertinence.

Resin Helps the Bowlers.

It is getting on for eight years since these words were written; obviously the impertinent youths have not been put down with a rod of good birch in the meantime.

The other incident which points to the fact that the Australians do not quite "understand" cricket as we do, concerns the use of resin by bowlers in order to get a better grip on the ball.

According to Mr. Iredale again, "Mr. Hordern says that he has always used a little resin. The object is to counteract the grease on the ball. For the past twenty years the Australians, fieldsmen and bowlers alike, have used resin, this being necessary to prevent slipping owing to perspiration."

Presumably, therefore, English cricketers would be quite within their "rights" if they used resin—or gloves, or any other antidote to a slippery ball.

That they do not do so is simply because such methods are not considered "cricket" here. Barracking and resin do not come into our ideas of what is what on the cricket field.

Under the spreading chestnut tree
Smiling the good smith stands.
"Why," says he, "not win like me,
With 'Pearson's' in your hands?"
(See Page 886.)



A true story, narrated to Mr. P. Doubleyou by an airman whose name and whose flights are so well known that for obvious reasons he prefers that his name should not be made public.

"Now sit tight and don't talk!"

The pretty young woman smiled as she climbed into the passenger's seat of the huge biplane. This was her first journey in an aeroplane, and she meant to enjoy it as thoroughly as she had enjoyed her first mad rush in a motor-car.

Wedge in as she was at the back of the aviator, she felt that she couldn't do anything else but sit tight, and she would be too much occupied with enjoying the novelty of the new sensation to worry much about talking!

The aviator, an alert, strong-limbed athlete, and an expert flyer, took his seat. He half turned to the woman sitting behind him.

"Don't touch my arms, whatever you do. It may be the death of both of us."

A mechanic ran towards the propeller and set it swinging round. Other mechanics hung on to the tail of the machine. One final look to see everything was right—then the aviator held up his hand.

With a rush the great machine swung across the ground. Without the slightest jar it lifted, left the earth, and made for the sky. Higher and higher it climbed, and further and further the horizon stretched away from the two in the machine.

Higher, Higher, and Higher.

The woman hardly realised that she was two hundred feet above the ground. So easily and so gracefully had the machine risen that, but for the novelty of the sensation, she would have felt inclined to dream away the minutes she was spending in the air.

Higher still the machine rose. At five hundred feet the aviator pushed the lever in front of him, and steadied the machine on to an even keel. The air was distinctly cooler at this height and the woman felt her whole body tingling with the delight of this rush far above the earth.

Suddenly the machine gave a lurch. It was only a slight one, and the pilot with a movement of the lever righted the machine almost immediately. The woman gasped and clutched fearfully at the man in front of her.

"Sit still!" he commanded.

As he spoke the machine struck an air pocket. He knew those pockets, how dangerous they were. They meant no support for the machine. They meant a sickening drop down till the air cushion was struck again. Twice before he had entered one of these air pockets and twice he had felt that sickening drop. Luckily each time he had been alone in the machine, and more luckily he had been far enough above the earth to right his machine before getting too dangerously near the ground.

The machine dropped, dropped with a mad

AT YOUR SERVICE.

This picture shows a novel sign sometimes to be seen outside barbers' shops. When an assistant is waiting, he switches on the light and the words "Assistant Waiting" appears on the sign outside.



Thus a person knows before entering the shop whether there is accommodation for him.

When an assistant is waiting, he switches on the light and the words "Assistant Waiting" appears on the sign outside. Then when a customer enters, he turns off the light and the words disappear. Thus a person knows before entering the shop whether there is accommodation for him.

rush. The distance was really only a matter of thirty or forty feet, but the sensation was exactly like that of coming down in a huge swing.

The woman screamed.

"Save me! Save me!"

Madly she clutched the arm of the man in front of her. She half rose in her seat as the machine rocked and swayed. A scream after scream came from her lips. Frantically she tried to stand up. She felt a wild desire to throw herself from her seat with a dim hope, the hope of a mad woman, that she would reach the ground in safety.

The aviator took his hand off the lever. At any cost he must shake off that mad hold on his arm, the arm that held the lives of both in its control.

"Sit down, you fool!" he shouted, and turned towards his passenger. He could see the wild glare of her eyes. Her pretty face was distorted with unreasoning fear. The steady beat of the engine, loud though it was, was almost drowned in the woman's screams.

A Few Minutes from Death.

The aviator wrenched his arm free, only to find the woman's arms tightly round his neck. The time wasn't one for ceremony. In another few minutes they would both be dashed to the ground and smashed out of existence. He savagely took hold of the woman's hands and forced them apart.

Then he did what he had never done before. With his open hand he struck her a cruel blow across the mouth, making the blood come from those pretty lips that had been smiling a few minutes before.

The blow had the effect he intended. The woman sank back in her seat, sobbing wildly, and covered her face with her hands. Rapidly the man turned, caught hold of the lever, and began his fight with the machine. It was rocking badly and the earth seemed to be rushing up to meet them with ever-increasing speed. The air was biting into his face as it whistled by, but steadily he fought for their two lives.

Thirty feet from the ground the speed began to lessen. Another ten feet and once more the great biplane was going along on level keel again. Ten more feet and the man switched off the engine.

The wheels of the machine touched the ground and she raced along the solid earth once more.

Two mechanics lifted a sobbing woman out of her seat.

"Never again!" said the aviator, as he strode away to his hangar.

Picture Pars

We pay 2s. 6d. for each paragraph accepted for this feature.

We cannot undertake to return unsuitable contributions unless stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed.

TO SEE WHAT'S COMING.

THE simple device shown here has proved a boon to many motor-cyclists.

A small mirror is fastened to one of the arms at the wrist, by means of a rubber band. Though the mirror must necessarily be small, it is large enough to enable a cyclist to see what is overtaking him, and thus, if he is travelling at a good speed, he can avoid the danger of turning round in his saddle.



ON AND OFF.

WHEN there are a number of gas lamps to be turned on and off, in a factory or yard, the rings on the pull chains are often made as illustrated.



ON



OFF

The "on" chain has the large loop of the ring downwards, the "off" chain the small loop downwards, so that the man whose duty it is to look after the lights can see at a glance which ring to pull for on and which for off.

This saves tugging the wrong chain, which might break the mantles.

DIVINING FOR DUCATS.

The Treasure Seekers of Tobermory are again Searching their Bay for the Lost Wealth of the Spanish Armada.

In dim green depths of water at the bottom of Tobermory Bay, off the Western Highlands of Scotland, there lies the hull of the *Floresca* galleon, the richest of all the Spanish Armada treasure ships.

All through the winter the Bay has been deserted. But now, with the approach of spring, it is taking on once more an unusual aspect of animation.

Strange-shaped craft are at anchor there, fitted with enormous dredges, powerful suction pumps, hydroscopes—huge submarine telescopes for exploring the ocean bed—and much other queer and costly apparatus.

These things belong to a treasure-seeking syndicate, which, for the fourth season running, is going to try and crack the nut of the lost galleon and get at the golden kernel.

Pieces of Eight and Guns Found.

Will they succeed? That is the question. Many other treasure-seekers have tried their luck during the three hundred odd years that have elapsed since that eventful day when the fugitive galleon sought shelter within this bay of Tobermory, and there laid her bones.

The Dukes of Argyll, "Hereditary Grand Admirals of the Western Isles," claimed the wreck, and still claim it, and they have made several attempts to get at the treasure. Some few things they have salvaged—pieces of eight, silver flacons and salvers, cannon-balls, and beautiful breech-loading guns from the great ship's upper deck.

Other valuables have been recovered by the aid of a certain Mr. John Stears, a Yorkshireman. He turned up at Tobermory one day, carrying in his hand a forked hazel twig. This, he explained, was his "divining rod," which pointed out to him the whereabouts of buried treasure.

Silver and Gold Hidden in the Sea.

To test him bags of silver and gold and copper money were buoyed under water in the bay, with no marks to show. It was done by night and he was kept away. He went out in a boat next morning and was rowed around a bit, and wherever the metal was hid under water his twig told him.

Encouraged by this the treasure-hunters engaged him on salary, and set him to work in earnest. He was accompanied by the powerful salvage tug *Breamer*, having on board a number of trained divers. These searched wherever the diviner told them to go, and several pieces of silver plate were recovered amid scenes of wild excitement.

It is being found exceedingly difficult, however, to get at the main bulk of the treasure, for this lies in the after part of the galleon, which, owing to its weight, and the scour of the tide, has sunk deep down into the mud at the bottom of the bay. Indeed, borings by steel rods have shown that some portions, at all events, of the *Floresca*'s stern timbers are covered in sand to a depth of no less than 140 feet.

"Of course I'm a friend of the working man," said the aspiring politician.

"Then why don't you work occasionally yourself?" asked one of his auditors.

"Oh, that's simple enough. I don't wish to crowd some more deserving man out of a job."

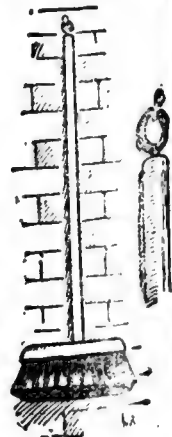
THE BEST WAY TO HANG A BROOM.

WHEN not in use every broom should be suspended so that the material of which it is formed may not rest upon the ground, as that course will quickly spoil the best article ever manufactured.

There are various ways of doing this.

Probably the simplest and best is to provide the handle with a screw eye fitted in the end.

In this way there is no trouble incurred in hanging the broom up, and it is not easily knocked down.



"I had the happiest time of my life." You often hear people say that.

A STRANGE SIN

PICK UP THE THREADS HERE.

LORD MILLBOROUGH: A wealthy cotton merchant and virtual owner of Millborough.

MARY RYDER: A good woman whom Lord Millborough loves and wrongs. This happens when they are both young. To make marriage with Lord Millborough possible, she is believed to have killed her brute of a husband. Lord Millborough really committed the crime. Mary Ryder now calls herself Mrs. Paul.

LADY MILLBOROUGH: The woman Lord Millborough eventually marries. The union is not a happy one.

STANLEY JACK and Miss DELORME: The heads of a gang of criminals who pose as a dramatic agency. They plot to secure Lady Millborough's jewels, and though one of their underlings steals the stones, the whole affair is bungled.

SABPAGE: The underling who, by taking a butler's place at Millborough Hall, carries out the burglary.

FAIRY WILLOW: A pretty, shallow-minded little witch whose passion for the stage gets her into serious trouble. She is employed as a maid at Millborough Hall and she runs away to London, to join the stage, on the night of the jewel theft. Quite unknowingly, she takes with her a bag containing the stolen stones. Sabpage placed them in the bag. Later on in the story Fairy gets into Stanley Jack's clutches, and he falsely marries her.

BOB EVANS: A chauffeur, once in the employ of Lord Millborough. He loves Fairy Willow, but believes she has been false.

CHIEF INSPECTOR PICKLES of Scotland Yard: A clever little detective who is gradually unravelling the Millborough mystery. He marries

LISETTE DUPONT, a lively little French maid at the Hall.

THE RAT-CATCHER of Diver Street: Better

CHAPTER FIFTY-FIVE (continued).

Pickles, the Scavenger.

STILL keeping his eye glued to the keyhole, the little scavenger, whose wife had insisted that he should wear a chest protector under his ragged shirt, watched the giant with a maimed hand, as the latter fished a key into the heavy door opposite by the light of the flickering match. A seeming scavenger watching a rat-catcher!

The door opposite creaked open. Old Stump withdrew the key, and then locked himself in. A few moments later, a very thin pencil of light stabbed through the keyhole and proclaimed two things. Old Stump had lit a candle and the key in the lock was in such a position that it did not block up the hole.

The situation below ground in Diver Street was humanly complicated by the fact that Chief Inspector Pickles, not only remarkably realistic in his disguise but in the portrayal of the character he had assumed, owed his life to the man he was shadowing, and knew it. He had long heard from Lisette—Mrs. Pickles now—the story of the rough giant, with maimed hand, who had gone down the ventilating shaft on the stack, reckless of life and limb.

Old Stump came within the limited range of his vision. A candle, jammed down with its own grease, stood on the floor. With a weapon that looked like a cross between a stone-mason's chisel and a burglar's jemmy, he was already levering up a broken flagstone. Pickles' eyes gleamed like a ferret's. Why was Old Stump about to remove the paste jewels from their hiding-place?

Unlike many of his colleagues at Scotland Yard, Pickles loved to solve a mystery for the sake of the solution, and no one had ever charged him with striving to obtain convictions at all costs. He was asking himself many questions as well as watching operations.

He had already arrived at the conclusion, based on the discovery of a loose stone left behind in Lady Millborough's safe, that the stolen jewels were paste and that Millborough's Chief Constable was running with the hare and hunting with the hounds, before he overheard a conversation between Major Collett and Old Stump, and learned that the latter was in possession of the paste.

But the attempt on Pickles' life and the period of helplessness that followed had suspended the detective's operations, though that clever brain of his had not remained long idle.

Gratitude, as well as his ferret instincts, were at the back of his efforts to trace Old Stump. He did not have much to guess work. Everything pointed to the fact that Fairy must have been robbed of the stones she carried off by mistake when she was lodging with Mrs. Paul in Corus Street. Consequently, soon as he was well enough, Pickles had made cautious inquiries round about the neighbourhood, and came upon a description of the rat-catcher of Diver Street, who had quitted his haunts for some time, but still

known as old Stump—owing to a malformed hand. He is really Miss Delorme's wronged husband, and has sworn to kill her when next they meet. In London, Old Stump robs Fairy of the bag containing the jewels—in reality paste—and blackmails Lady Millborough.

BETH WILLOW has been adopted by Fairy's father. She is the daughter of Lord Millborough and Mary Ryder.

MARCUS DRAKE: Lord Millborough's late secretary and companion. He is in love with Beth Willow.

LUKE WOOD: The ne'er-do-well of Millborough. Wood has found out Lord Millborough's sin and is blackmailing him. He is also fond, in a way, of Beth and has threatened to expose her mother unless she marries him.

SALVATION JEMMY: An ex-burglar who now spends his time doing rescue work on the Embankment.

MAJOR COLLETT: The head of the Millborough police. He is a martinet of the worst type, and owes his position to Lady Millborough. She has some hold over the Major, and tells him that her jewels must not be found, as they are paste, and Lord Millborough doesn't know it.

Mr. VERE: The moneylender who holds Lady Millborough's real jewels.

The last few chapters tell how Old Stump finds Miss Delorme in a lunatic asylum, where she has been decoyed by Stanley Jack. The building catches fire, and, instead of taking his revenge as he had intended, Old Stump rescues his wife. He gives her into the care of Fat Bess, a gipsy. Meanwhile, Chief Inspector Pickles returns to London, disguises himself as a scavenger, and takes a room in the cellar in Diver Street inhabited by Old Stump. He has not been there long when the rat-catcher returns.

(You can now read on.)

kept on his room—as the cellar was called by courtesy.

There was therefore nothing coincidental about Mr. Pickles' presence in Diver Street, admirably disguised, only in the appearance of Old Stump on the scene at a time when Mr. Pickles was exceedingly anxious to examine the rat-catcher's underground tenement.

Up came the flagstone, and stones gleamed and flashed prismatically in the light of the fluttering candle.

A low guttural laugh came through Old Stump's fangs of teeth. Shams, but they had spent money for him, and never had money seemed so valuable to him as at this moment. In the old days, a sack, a trap, and ferret, and those bitten, scarred hands of his that could catch a rat as it tried to dart past him, had been sufficient to earn him bread-and-cheese. But now there was a woman to be cared for and tended. Truly good and evil were strangely mixed in his strange soul.

But for the moment there was cash in hand and to spare. He had brought a sack with him, and the eye of Chief Inspector Pickles, glued to the keyhole, saw Old Stump draw from it bits of torn blanketing, and in these he wrapped glittering tiaras, jewelled aigrettes, necklaces, and rings.

"Very wise, very wise indeed, from your point of view," thought Mr. Pickles.

A layer of rags lined the bottom of the sack. Carefully Old Stump placed the muffled-up jewels inside, and on top a couple of empty rat cages.

Mr. Pickles' dry sense of humour almost asserted itself in a melancholy chuckle.

"Quite a professional packer!" he said to himself. "Very neat, very neat indeed! Dear me! What fun I could have by meeting you accidentally on purpose and then prophesying accurately—because knowing—what your sack contains exactly. Tut, tut!"

Mr. Pickles rebuked himself for levity of thought at such a time, but the last thing to enter his mind was any personal fear. But he literally did not know the meaning of the word, one of the reasons why Lisette worshipped him.

"Now you've got 'em," was his next question, "what are you going to do with them?"

"About to sell them for a price to Lady Millborough, or her secret agent, Major Collett?"

Old Stump, having lowered the flagstone and filled in the crevices, slung the sack over a huge shoulder; his piercing, sunken eyes roved round the cellar, and they filled with tears.

"Little Nero—little pal!" he muttered. "A rat to some, but a pal to me! Yonder was your bed. Many were the nights you and I have spent here, many the games we've had—you with your blinking eyes. Only a rat, but you never rounded on a pal or played him false. Rats, rats, rats! Swarming, crawling, gnawing, hungry rats—slimy, crawling rats

(Continued on next page.)



"I am sick of the wearisome grind of my daily work."

When life seems hard, when all the world seems upside down, and everything goes wrong, are you going to throw up your arms, or are you going to battle your way through?

The very fact that you are sick of your non-success shows that you have the desire to improve your standing in life. If you make up your mind to do it you can succeed.

To you the I.C.S. offers the opportunity to start at once to fit yourself for the position above you, where you will command more money, more freedom, and a chance to enjoy some of the sweets of life.

No time is required from your present work—you keep right on earning money. The I.C.S. begins just where you are weak—it takes care of you right on until you are strong. Then it helps you to secure the better position to which you are entitled by your increased ability.

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Bachelors say it before they are married, ladies when they get a new hat!

in the darkness, squealing, squeaking, fighting, hungry rats!"

And a most terrible, hideous laugh broke from the rat-catcher. But he was quite sober, though his imagination's eye was seeing rats, many rats.

Pickles backed, absolutely noiselessly. Old Stump had taken a sudden, long stride towards the door, then, remembering, turned to extinguish the candle. When he stepped out and locked the door behind him the dark passage was empty.

The old hag-like woman met him when he came to the surface.

"I've changed my mind, missus!" he growled. "Don't let my flat!" He jingled some half-crowns into her skinny hand. "Can't say when I'll be back, but don't let my suite of rooms till the money in advance has run out."

"What part of the world are you working in now?" quavered the old woman.

"Here, there, and everywhere! Good-night, missus!"

He lurched out into the unsavoury atmosphere of Diver Street, and the old woman sought the privacy of her own den and the seduction of a bottle containing colourless liquid that she called "White Ruin."

Old Stump was still in sight when a figure with scavenger's bag and prong slipped out.

Mr. Pickles might have attempted the arrest of Old Stump then and there, for being in possession of stolen property, well-knowing it to be the same. But he did not do so, and he was not restrained by personal fear. He owed his life to Old Stump, and the solution of a mystery gave him more satisfaction than a police-court conviction.

Out of London into a suburb that melted away into open country, and a road unlit by lamplight, only by the stars that Old Stump loved. Two o'clock, three o'clock, four o'clock struck, and still he swung on, tireless, and a shadow followed.

"Tut, tut!" muttered Mr. Pickles, rebuking himself for an admission that he was feeling horribly tired, for he was not yet himself again. "And, with all respect to my pretty one, Lisette, the chest-protector is a nuisance. It is uncomfortably hot and irritating."

A village clock struck five somewhere in the darkness. "What, what?"

Old Stump had lurched from the road and passed through a gap in a hedge on the other side of which was a copse.

"Another burial of paste?" wondered Pickles. "This is really most stimulating to the curiosity."

Reaching the gap himself, he crawled through, but it had been too risky to decrease the space between himself and the man he was shadowing. He had lost the trail. There was no sign yet of dawn in the sky, and the increased darkness among the trees was intense.

"What has become of him and what is he up to?" were the two questions Pickles asked himself, as he pressed forward slowly, stooping, and most cautiously.

A faint trickle of water reached him. And ahead he could just distinguish where trees were not so thick what looked like a kneeling figure.

"Is it a burial?" Mr. Pickles asked himself. "Or—it seems hardly conceivable—is my friend performing his ablutions in the limpid brook? His appearance certainly does not suggest a weakness for soap and water."

He crawled behind a tree-trunk. "I really believe he is washing himself."

A moment later. "What's he doing now? His movements suggest the removal of coat—a pause to strain his ferret-like eyes—and—tut, tut!—unmentionables!"

Minutes passed, and then, after curious performances on the part of the figure Pickles watched, their purpose not easily distinguishable in the shadowy darkness, the figure came swinging back.

Old Stump, but gone was his sack and his soiled, ragged, big-pocketed coat. He no longer wore corduroy trousers tied with string below the knees. His face was clean. A comb had been passed through his mane-like hair. A decent hat had taken the place of the mole-skin cap, and he carried a respectable-looking bag of cow-hide.

"Not a burial, but a transformation!" thought Mr. Pickles. "What next? He is the last person I would have suspected of indulging in a dual personality."



Pickles watched Old Stump as he came swinging back. A transformation had taken place.

We live and learn! Going to Millborough, I wonder, to call on her ladyship?"

CHAPTER FIFTY-SIX.

The Poisoner!

LORD MILLBOROUGH had returned from his flying visit to London. It had been such a brief one that he had stayed the night at his club instead of troubling the army of powdered flunkies eating the bread of idleness in his town house.

It was after dinner—his lordship had dined with his family as usual, and made occasional remarks when obliged to do so. But his eyes had strayed frequently to the hard, handsome face of the woman he called "wife"—what a mockery the word was when applied to her!—then to the younger likeness of that wife, Eileen, spoilt and flippant, and he had stifled a sign of pain.

Roy was, as usual, in London, flinging away money in various dissipation, and as he had dined with his wife and daughter, the man's thoughts had flown to another woman and her child—as much his as the petulant Eileen was!

If only Fate had dealt out the cards more kindly! If only he had been able to make Mary Ryder his wife—to have called her his openly as he had done in his heart—how different life might have been! Beth, beautiful and strong of soul, would have been Lady Beth—and Mary, now Mrs. Paul, letter of lodgings in an obscure back street would have been his "Lady!"

But he had not dared to dwell on what might have been—that way madness lay, and the cold, courteous man had sat alone over his wife—his wife and daughter had gone to the drawing-room—glad to be able to drop the mask of smiling interest he had assumed to ward off curious questions.

Always an abstemious man, Lord Millborough drank a solitary glass of port, then went to the library, where he was assured of being alone for the rest of the evening.

It was a chilly night, and a fire flung a warm glow over the crimson leather chairs with their wonderfully carved oak backs, and flashed on to the many rare bindings of the books that lined the dull gold walls. Curtains of crimson velvet hung before the long French windows, and the softly shaded electric lights gave a mellow tint to the rest of the room.

But as his weary eyes gazed into the red fire Lord Millborough saw another room—a dingy little kitchen, clean and scoured, but pitifully mean in its bleakness, not one of his lowest creatures in the great servants' hall would have stayed there a second—and yet that kitchen had been more beautiful to the heart-sick man than his own gilded loneliness was.

He shaded his eyes with his delicate hand. In the kitchen where he had seen the woman he loved she had looked as beautiful and true in her simple poverty, pleading with him to run no risk of discovery in that sordid street—and at last he had done what she had begged of him—but not before she had reluctantly promised to send for him should she ever be in dire distress.

His money she refused to touch for herself—but for Beth—their child—she would take it, and Lord Millborough knew what that promise had cost her.

"As proud as in the old days when she wouldn't let me give her a present!" the thought brought a faint smile to his worn face. His thin lips framed her name.

"Mary! You and our child shall never know till I'm dead how dear you are to me—my will—but so carefully worded that it won't betray anything—poverty and want—they shall never touch you—it may not be long," he muttered, "sometimes I fancy it may be very soon—I have had several warnings of late—the shadow has cast its first sign!"

Suddenly he sat forward—panting slightly—in the mellow light his face was grey, and the perspiration stood in great drops on his brow as he writhed in the grip of a strange, unaccountable paroxysm. It lasted a few seconds only, gradually the first agonies passed off, and he staggered to his feet and drank greedily from a glass on the table beside him.

"Another!" he muttered, with quivering lips. "That day in London I felt almost myself, I hadn't a single attack—and now it's come back! I ought to find out what they mean—a doomed man should at least know when to expect the end—if only to say good-bye to those he loves!"

He drew a handkerchief across his brow—he was still trembling, and a strange, burning sensation was gripping his throat.

"Not yet," he muttered, "I must see her—Mary—and Beth—I must warn Mary about that fiend, Luke Woad—she must hide Beth from him—if I die he'll fasten like a leech on to those two helpless women—and they'll have no one to protect them!"

He sank into his chair with a moan. The two he loved to be in the power of Woad when he came out of prison—ten times more revenged—a thousand times more fiercely cruel!

"I can save Mary in one way!" he whispered hoarsely. "Before the end I can confess—a clergyman—Woad can do nothing then!" The door at the end of the room opened noiselessly.

Lady Millborough, gorgeously handsome in a now

(Continued on next page.)

HOW THIN PEOPLE MAY PUT ON FLESH.

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The prescription, which contains no drugs and is absolutely harmless, calls for 4 oz. Tincture Cardamom Compound B.P., 2 oz. Salgado Compound, 3 oz. Elixir Simplex, and enough water to fill an 8 oz. bottle, and can readily be prepared by any chemist. One to two tablespoonfuls should be taken about 20 minutes before each meal. Eat all you want, but chew your food thoroughly.

CAUTION: Although the above prescription is unequalled for relieving nervousness, indigestion and catarrhal troubles, it should not, owing to its remarkable flesh growing properties, be used by anyone who does not desire to put on flesh.

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gon of amber satin, hesitated a second before closing the door behind her.

A sweeping glance from her long, almond-shaped eyes showed her an empty coffee cup on the table by the side of the still figure in the chair.

Her full, white bosom rose and fell with suppressed excitement.

The rich colour faded from her cheeks, and for a moment she swayed uncertainly.

What evil thoughts were in her mind and heart it was impossible to fathom, but whatever it was that had caused her temporary weakness, was soon conquered.

She glided snake-like up to the table—there were a few drops of coffee still in the cup. With swift, yet methodical movements, her basilisk eyes ready for any disturbance, she wiped the cup with a delicate handkerchief which she thrust into her bosom, then she replaced the cup in its saucer.

The fire leapt and caught the gleams in the burnished, ebony hair, and the light from the shaded lamp accentuated the ivory pallor of her skin. She stooped over the figure in the chair—Lord Millborough had fainted, but to the woman whose corrupted brain was planning a desperate remedy from the entanglements that had risen round her since the robbery and murder of Stevens, this faint of her husband's seemed like death.

Money was the sole thing to relieve her terrible anxiety—and she needed much money—more than her stingy husband could—or would—give her. From one false step she had gone on to another—the path of the evil-doer was ever such—the descent a gradual, creeping way of lies and deceit, and now the desperate woman was planning the crowning act of hideous intrigue in the effort to secure peace from her persecutors.

She laid a cool, white hand on her husband's arm.

"George!" How her voice trembled with nervousness in spite of the strong self-control!

"George!" But Lord Millborough's faint was a severe one. The paroxysm following upon his mental agony had been too much for him; the thought that he might die before he could provide for Beth's safety from Luke Wood had been the last straw to a nature already considerably weakened by worry.

As she stooped lower over her husband, Lady Millborough's eyes grew more black with anger, and she bit her red lips viciously.

"Fainted! He'll come round soon and want brandy!" she sneered. "I shall have to be more daring or I shall fail!"

She glanced round sharply. Decanters and a syphon were always brought into the library by Mr. Ecles, and were on a table by the window.

For a moment she hesitated, then shrugged her shoulders. After all, there was yet time—she must be careful—the house was full of servants who were ready to talk.

Without pausing to glance again at the unconscious man in the chair, she swept from the room.

A new footman in the place of "Brown" met her outside the door.

He had a salver in his hand, and Lady Millborough caught sight of a card.

Her heart leapt with a passionate hope. But her voice was cold and haughty when she spoke.

"What is it, James?"

"A gentleman called to see your ladyship. I said your ladyship was engaged, but he said you'd see 'im," the servant replied, "so I put 'im in the little morning room."

Lady Millborough took up the card. Her eyes contracted with fear—and rage as she read the name on it.

"Mr. Plantagenet Christopher Vere." And in small, pencilled writing at the bottom of the card, were the words, "important that I see your ladyship." She dismissed the servant with a gesture, and as she went in the direction of the morning room, her fingers worked nervously.

Mr. Christopher Vere in the meantime was preening himself complacently in front of a mirror. He was looking more than ever the typical moneylender, and his attempts to smarten himself up only increased his repulsive personality.

His diamond studs—the size of peas—decorated his shirt-front, diamonds blazed on his podgy discoloured fingers, and his sleek hair was plastered smugly at the parting where it was growing thin.

He smirked at his reflection, and twisted a straggling wisp of hair that his hat had misplaced.

"Ought to impress 'er—there's a dash of style about you, my boy, you ought to clinch the buttniss this time!"

"Mr. Vere!"

Lady Millborough's voice, icy and contemptuous, made the man wheel round quickly, with outstretched paw.

"I'm very pleased to see your ladyship!" he lisped, smiling odiously, "we can talk over our buttniss quite privately, my office in town isn't the same as Millborough 'All, and clerks will talk when a beautiful lady calls often!"

A quiver passed over Lady Millborough's haughty face. If looks could strike, Mr. Vere—otherwise Mr. Solomons—would have been dead!

She avoided the outstretched hand with a disdainful movement.

"What brought you here?" she said in a tone of suppressed fury. "How dared you come here and ask for me?"

Mr. Vere's fat, puffy face went a purplish shade, and his small, boot-button eyes flashed above the sagging flesh beneath them.

"What brought me here—how dared I come and ask for you?" he repeated sardonically. "Well, since your ladyship's so pressing for informathin, I'll tell you. The London express from King's Cross brought me 'ere—Pullman, lunch and tea—*de lux*, so to speak, I can't run to a motor yet—my clients not being so keen to repay debts as they are to borrow!" he paused and grinned insolently into the white, contemptuous face, "and as to 'ow dare I come to Millborough 'All and ask for you, well I call that a pretty cool cheek, considerin' the little matter of buttniss you and I've got to settle—if I stood in your ladyship's dainty shoes I'd take care 'ow I trod—lest I 'appened to jump on anyone's pet corns!"

The man's vulgarity brought a flush to Lady Millborough's cheek. But she realised with a sickening knowledge that she had nothing to gain from snubbing the intolerable creature. She was too much in his power to be able to defy him.

"You don't realise that your coming here might place me in a very awkward position," she began slowly. "You should have let me know you wanted to see me, and I would have come to London!"

Mr. Vere grinned cunningly.

"If you'd answered my letters, my lady—I mightn't 'ave called, but you ignored them—and that with a very silly thing to do—you ladies are not good buttniss women, I know," he continued insolently. "But there's a limit to my patience—and if you don't answer letters, well I must come and talk to you like a father!"

She froze him with a glance.

"You have had your journey here for nothing," she said icily, "I cannot meet that bill yet—you have pretty good security!"

Mr. Vere sat down, and crossed his legs. His feet in their white spats looking almost too small to carry so much weight.

"Security, my lady!" he said softly. "Well, yes, I've got that—the diamonds—you remember you gave them to me in return for keeping mum about the signature that you—well, doctored, if I went to Lord Millborough I might get my money back—or sell the diamonds!"

"I forbid you to do that!" she said hurriedly.

"Then, my dear," he retorted with odious familiarity, "it's up to you to settle that little bill with 'is Lordship's signature on it!"

She flashed her great eyes at him scornfully.

"Don't dare speak to me like that!" she panted. "I shall ring the bell and order my servants to throw you out of the place!"

Mr. Vere gazed thoughtfully at his boots.

"Your ladyship must forgive me," he murmured, lisping the words softly, "but being just an ordinary buttniss man I don't know 'ow a gentleman should talk to a—forg—er!"

The colour stained Lady Millborough's livid face. She clenched her white hands furiously, rage made her absolutely speechless for a moment.

Mr. Vere grinned and leant forward confidently. A true bully of women, especially when in his power, he was enjoying the sensation of what he called "telling off a bit of blood"! Lady Millborough had treated him like dirt beneath her feet—his first attempt to impress the beautiful Society woman who had called some months ago at his office to raise a loan, had been met with cold hauteur. He'd been put in his place, and then when he discovered that Lady Millborough had recklessly forged her husband's signature to the bill he had shown his teeth in a grin of satisfaction.

The aristocratic client was in his power—but he meant to bleed her before taking the forged document to Lord Millborough.

A man of the world was Mr. Vere, and he meant to



For a moment Lady Millborough swayed uncertainly.

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(Continued on next page.)

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got his pound of flesh from the beautiful woman who now faced him with terror in her eyes.

"Look 'ere, Lady Millborough," he lisped, "don't quarrel with me—it ain't policy, I know a dashed sight too much, my lady; I've only to make a certain communication to the police about one or two little matters, and you'd find yourself in 'ot water, fair in the soup!"

The beautiful, white-faced woman bit her lips nervously, her breath came and went rapidly, but she realised the expediency of not quarrelling with Mr. Vere. The grinning, insolent usurer knew too much.

"I understand that you have come for money," she began in a cold, expressionless voice, "well, so long as you hold the diamonds you're not losing anything—can't you wait a little longer? I simply can't raise any more just now, but later—"

"Later I shall hear the same story!" was the swift impertinence. "Look 'ere, my lady, I'll 'old the diamonds a bit longer—I'll give you a month—then if I don't see the colour of your money I'll sell them—twenty thou—and they belong to me within a month—unless you play the game—as to the scrap of paper you stupidly signed with your 'usband's name—that's worth more to me than you think—but I might be tempted to part with it on the terms we discussed before!"

"Very well!" she replied slowly, "I agree to meet the bill within a month, my expenses have been terrible—and I can't let my husband know that I've been having dealings with a moneylender!"

"Now," Mr. Vere sneered politely, "it would be a shock to Lord Millborough to find out that 'is beautiful wife 'ad signed—the police call it 'forged'—his name to a bill—imposing on an honest man who trusted in a lady's honour—then tries to make good the little error, when accused, by having paste copies made of the family jewels and leavin' the originals with the man she'd tried to do!"

Trembling with rage she sprang to her feet. "Leave this room at once," she said in a low, quivering voice, "you shall hear from me, as I promised—but don't ever dare to call here again; my servants shall have my orders to send you away!"

"Swank!" Mr. Vere murmured as he rose leisurely from his seat. "But you'll see me, my lady, whenever I choose to call—because you daren't refuse, and you know it!"

When her unwelcome visitor had left the room, Lady Millborough went to her own apartments. Her new maid—imported since Lisette's departure—had a bad quarter of an hour while she was in attendance on the irritable woman. But at last she was allowed to leave, and as soon as the woman's footsteps had died away, Lady Millborough paced the floor restlessly. Her black eyes glittered feverishly, and two hectic spots flamed on either cheek.

"How dared he!" she muttered furiously, "that intolerable little hog—how dared he threaten me!"

Her thickly outlined brows met in a frown. "But I must get the money somehow! I daren't run the risk—he's getting dangerous—ugly—of course he's blackmailing me—but he knows I'm in his power—in a month's time I must have enough money to buy back the bill—and the diamonds!"

A bitter laugh escaped her red lips. Twenty thousand pounds within a month! And she hadn't five hundred! She had parted with a lot to the wretched creature who had found—or stolen—the paste—that blackmail would go on—she was between the devil and the deep sea! Which—ever way she turned she faced disaster!

Her personal debts were terrific—dress-makers were beginning to grow pressing—voiled insolence met her from the most expensive tradesmen—and all the time her husband was rolling in money—money that would have made her happy and free from worry!

"I've asked and been refused!" she sneered, "I'm asked what I do with my money—to render an account of my debts—and then perhaps he might see what he can do!"

Her eyes wandered to the door that communicated with her husband's dressing-room. She could hear the sound of someone moving about—he had probably recovered from his fainting fit and was going to bed.

"Only a month's reprieve!" she muttered, "I must do something—something must happen before then—something that will make me a rich woman free in every sense of the word!"



"Leave this room at once!"

CHAPTER FIFTY-SEVEN.

"Rags, Bottles, and Bones."

WHY had the rat-catcher of Diver Street transformed himself into a respectable member of society—as far as appearances went—was the question Pickles asked himself, as Old Stump, all unconscious of his shadow, swung through the gap in the hedge on to the deserted road, a deathly greyness in the sky heralding the dawn.

Would Old Stump take train somewhere for Millborough with a view to striking a final bargain with Lady Millborough and handing over to her the paste jewels, which Mr. Pickles realised had been transferred to the respectable bag of cow-hide carried by Old Stump?

The promise of light in the sky made Pickles' task of shadowing more difficult. The road was straight, so Pickles kept on the copse-side of the hedge, making his way through undergrowth and brambles that caused him considerable personal discomfort, but he kept his man in sight.

When the road forked, luck was on Pickles' side, for Old Stump swung to the left, on which side Pickles was, and the latter, screened by the hedge, was still able to keep him under observation.

Undoubtedly Chief-Inspector Pickles, in his disguise, with his bag and his prong, made the more disreputable figure, and his manner of creeping along stoopingly under cover of the hedge, gave him a sinister, even criminal appearance. And his luck turned.

He was so intent on the figure ahead of him on the road that he was completely taken by surprise.

"You're the cove I want!" growled a voice, and before Pickles could turn he was collared from behind by a gamekeeper, who seemed to have risen up from nowhere.

"My luck!" thought the Chief-Inspector mournfully, but he did not struggle. To have done so might have attracted the attention of the figure ahead on the road and brought him back to see what it was all about.

"You're the cove I want!" repeated the gamekeeper, and shook Pickles.

"For what?" asked Pickles pitifully.

"For what? Trespassing on private property in the unlawful pursuit of game—otherwise poaching!"

"You can't prove nothing agen me!" whined Pickles artistically, in an attempt to regain his freedom through diplomacy. "Trespassing in itself ain't enough to arrest a man on, and you knows that."

"If for an unlawful purpose, you can, Mr. Sealawyer!" growled the gamekeeper; "and before we argue any more, I'm going to have a look inside that bag of yours!"

But there was nothing in the shape of game dead or alive in the bag, only scraps of paper and street odds and ends such as scavengers prong up with their forks.

"Anyhow," growled the disappointed gamekeeper, "for an unlawful purpose is good enough. Come along."

Mr. Pickles sighed. To have informed the gamekeeper that he was a Chief-Inspector of Scotland Yard would have produced the request "to tell him another!" One glance at the man's dull, obstinate face convinced Pickles of that.

He knew one or two very clever tricks, and he might have stretched the gamekeeper on his back and made a bolt for it. But the gamekeeper would have recovered, kicked up a noise, probably shouted "Stop thief!" or something to that effect, loudly enough to reach Old Stump.

And though it was a grievous thing to lose his man, it was also essential from Mr. Pickles' point of view that Old Stump should not realise that he had been shadowed.

"Come along!" Again the gamekeeper shook Pickles, and the Chief Inspector took it like a lamb—"lying down," as the phrase is, not because he was cowardly, but because—from his point of view it was the right and best thing to do, under the unfortunate and depressing circumstances.

At the police-station he would have little trouble in explaining and setting matters right; to have attempted explanations with this gamekeeper, whose countenance suggested the proverbial obstinacy of a mule, would have been waste of time.

"You needn't 'andle me rough!" whined Pickles. "I'm coming quiet—but you can't prove nothing agen me!"

"Do you want a slish on the jaw?" questioned the gamekeeper, growing more aggressive as Mr. Pickles became more mild.

"Eavon forbid!" shuddered Pickles.

"Then, quick march!"

But it must have been a root or something in which Pickles caught his foot. As the gamekeeper gave him a violent push between the shoulder-blades, Mr. Pickles tripped, and fell forward on his face. Yet, as he lay in this position for a moment, he smiled a kind of sorrowful, humorous smile.

"Dear, dear!" was his thought. "What one has to put up with—in trying to get at the bottom of a mystery."

The next moment the gamekeeper had jerked him to

(Continued on next page.)

A Novel Fashion Scheme

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his feet by the waistband and the seat of his trousers.
"I'm a 'uman being!" remonstrated the Chief-Inspector, in the scavenger voice. "Not a sack of coals!"

"I'll sack of coal you, if you don't get along quick!" growled the gamekeeper.
Mr. Pickles shuffled forward. Thanks to his powers of self-suppression and his sense of humour, he was rising almost to heights of greatness.

He had lost his man, Old Stump, for the time being; but if he were not bound for Millborough, he was bound for somewhere else. If for Millborough, Pickles would know where to look for him as soon as he had put matters right at the police-station towards which he was shuffling.

with occasional urging prods from behind.

If for somewhere else—some indefinite destination—Pickles did not doubt his ability to trace his man. Old Stump, whether dressed as a rat-catcher or more respectably, had certain marked characteristics in the matter of features and build—and one hand lacked a finger! A fact which could only be disguised by wearing a glove, with a false finger in one of the stalls.

A sleepy-looking police-sergeant, on station-duty, looked up as a gamekeeper, one of Lord Hunt-borough's, pushed a woebegone figure before him into the station hall.

"Trespassing for an unlawful purpose!" explained the gamekeeper.

A painful, yet humorous smile played across the scavenger's face.

"I want to see the Inspector!" he demanded apologetically.

"Hold your noise!" said the sergeant. "I'm in charge now." He picked up a pen, and addressed the gamekeeper. "That's the charge!" Then to Pickles: "Your name, address, and occupation!"

"Chief-Inspector Pickles," replied the seeming scavenger mildly, "Criminal Investigation Department."

"Great Scotland Yard!" ejaculated the sergeant.

"Exactly," said Pickles, with the ghost of a chuckle. The sergeant dropped his pen, stared hard for a moment, and then saluted. The gamekeeper's jaw dropped.

Pickles was not the kind of man to cry over spilt milk. Time had been lost, and Old Stump, wherever his destination, had been given a considerable start, but Pickles preferred this to Old Stump being acquainted with the fact that he was shadowed, and he had been quick to realise that any attempt to convince the obstinate-featured gamekeeper of his identity without corroborative evidence would have failed.

"The less said the better," he said. "In fact, if nothing is said at all, best of all."

"Rags, bottles, bones!" quavered a voice.

He pushed a barrow before him, and no longer carried a scavenger's prong, yet the itinerant rag-bottle-and-bones merchant bore a distinct resemblance to the scavenger who had quitted Diver Street on the previous night.

It was dusk, and, pulling up his barrow, a sack over his shoulder, he pushed open a garden-gate, and shuffled along the path to the small, homely cottage set a little way back. A man answered his knock, and opened the door.

"Rags, bottles, bones—I pay a good price for 'em!"

"No! Clear out!" growled a harsh, guttural voice.

The merchant cleared, and wheeled his barrow away.

"Old Stump!" he muttered. "And I had imagined his destination was more likely to be Millborough."

It was past ten when the merchant came back along the road, but no longer pushing a barrow. He made his way to the little kitchen-garden that stretched behind the cottage from which he had been dismissed with the peremptory words "No! Clear out!"

Here the darkness swallowed him up for a few moments, and when he again became visible, he was on the other side of the fence, creeping towards the back of the cottage.

He crept up to the window, and then drew back with a little shudder of a start.

"Great Scott, blind by the look of her eyes, and scared with fire—who is she? Here's mystery within mystery, indeed!"

(Another splendid instalment next week.)



"Chief-Inspector Pickles," replied the seeming scavenger mildly.

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If you have not achieved the success to which your abilities and talents justly entitle you, if you would like to secure a good paying position, obtain an increase in salary, if you care to rise higher in your accepted business or calling, if you desire to wield a greater influence over others, if you care to win the love or friendship of someone you

know, or if you long for fame or renown, you should write for a copy of this remarkable book at once.

The following extracts from a few of the letters received from some of the people who have read the book give an idea of its unusual character and great value:—

Mrs. Mary Milner, 312 D Street, Pueblo, Colo., in a recent letter says:—"I was so sick and worried I could not eat or sleep. I used the methods on myself with wonderful success. To-day I am perfectly well. I would not part with the information you gave me for any money."

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The New York Institute of Science has undertaken the free distribution of the book referred to. Big roller presses are running day and night to supply the demand, until the £5,000 worth of books are distributed free. On account of the great expense incurred in preparing and printing this book only those are requested to write for free copies who are specially interested and really and truly desire to achieve greater success, obtain more happiness, or in some way better their condition in life.

Please do not write through mere curiosity, as the free edition is limited. If you want a book write to-day, as the copies are going very fast. Never before in the history of the publishing business has there been such a demand for any book as to-day exists for "The Philosophy of Personal Influence."

Remember, at the present time it will be sent to your address, absolutely free, postage prepaid. Address a penny letter or penny postcard to the New York Institute of Science, Dept. 55.H., Rochester, New York, U.S.A.

—he is always delivering bills or billet-doux! Can you give a similar name for a sailor?



No Place for Young Maids

Wealthy Houses where the
Servants are Always Having
"High Jinks."

By a RETIRED VALET.

THERE are many persons in the best Society in whose establishments order and discipline are very much lacking in the servants' hall.

In such establishments as I intend to deal with in this article a large number of servants is usually kept, much larger, in point of fact, than is really required, and one result of this is that the servants have a great deal of idle time on their hands, and this, together with lack of proper discipline, often makes the servants' hall in such houses an extremely lively place indeed, where "high jinks" are continually going on.

I was in a place for a few months as second valet where the maids often dressed up as boys and the men servants would dress in the maids' attire, and they would go larking about with each other the whole evening in these disguises.

In the same situation when a new maid arrived it was considered a great joke for one of the men servants to dress up as an elderly woman and pretend to the maid that he was the housekeeper.

I remember on one occasion a very quiet, sensible-looking young girl, who came as second dressing-maid, arrived one evening. Whilst she was taking her tea in came the head footman made up as an elderly woman, whom the girl was informed was the housekeeper.

"Give Me a Kiss."

The man sat down beside her and began asking her a lot of questions, calling her "my dear," and patting her cheeks with his hands every now and then, just as a kind, elderly housekeeper might do.

"Now, my dear," said the man, when the girl had finished her tea, "you look tired after your journey, you had better go to bed, and just come and give me a kiss before you do, for your face reminds me of a little girl of my own."

The girl did as she was bid, which occasioned

shrieks of laughter; the new maid looked about her in a very puzzled manner when she heard the laughter, and then someone exclaimed, "I call it a regular shame; J—(that was the footman) ought to be kicked!"

On hearing this the footman jumped up in a rage and shouted that he would like to see the man who was fit to kick him. At this juncture the real housekeeper came in and took the new maid away, and explained to her the true state of affairs, with the result that the maid declined to stay even one night in the house, and went back to her home that very evening.

I was very glad that the girl went off, for the situation was no place for a nice, quiet girl such as she seemed to be.

I left it after I had been in it for four months. It was certainly one of the rowdiest situations I ever had the misfortune to be in, though I have heard of others quite as bad.

There is a well-known baronet who is enormously wealthy, and keeps, I believe, one of the largest staffs of servants to be found in any private house in England. His establishment among servants

*Lives like Algy's all remind us,
We can win the prizes grand,
If we carry on our journeys
"Pearson's Weekly" in our hand!
(See page 888.)*

is known to be a very rowdy one; I do not believe a respectable servant would stay there long.

A man who was valet to the baronet told me that once he with some of the other servants was left to look after the baronet's town house when the family were abroad.

Every night the servants entertained their friends or went to some entertainment, and were never in bed till three or four o'clock in the morning.

They had apparently free access to the wine cellar, which had been left in charge of the butler, and the whole lot of them would often sit round the table after supper drinking champagne and singing the rowdiest songs until morning.

On one occasion two of the maids and the butler went out for "a lark" in the streets at midnight, and were "run in" by a couple of constables in Regent Street for creating a disturbance, but when they were taken to Vine Street they explained to the officer in charge who they were, and

as none of them were actually intoxicated they were allowed to go home.

The best-managed establishments, the best regulated houses, where the servants are contented with their condition of service, are those in which the discipline in the servants' hall is of the strictest character.

No really first-rate servant will care to stay in a situation where the discipline in the servants' hall is bad.

I was at the country house of a duke with whom the gentleman I was in service with was then staying. It was an extremely well-ordered establishment, but it had not been always so. The housekeeper told me that when she came, there was no order or discipline at all in the servants' hall, and the servants practically were allowed to behave as they pleased. The consequence was that good servants never remained long in the establishment, and the duke and duchess had constantly good reason to find fault with the way the servants' work was done.

Sacked Almost Every Servant.

The duchess at last gave the housekeeper, who was a first-rate servant and manager, complete control of the establishment.

The housekeeper, to start with, dismissed most of the servants, and engaged an almost entirely new staff, and ruled them certainly with kindness, but with great strictness, and in a few months time absolute order prevailed.

It is a fact, not very often suspected by the general public, that a great many people of high position and great wealth are absolutely unable to properly order and control their large establishments, and frequently employ some lady or gentleman to do so for them.

I was second valet to one of the wealthiest peers in England for some years. Neither his lordship nor her ladyship had anything to say to the control of the large establishment which they maintained. They left everything in the hands of a gentleman and his wife who, though they did not actually live with his lordship, came to stay with him very constantly.

The gentleman and his wife had the engaging and dismissing of all the servants, paid all the household accounts, and ruled and regulated the whole establishment.

His lordship paid the gentleman £1,500 per annum, and really the money was quite well earned.

YOU MAY YET JOIN OUR FOOTBALL GUESTS

**8 TICKETS
OFFERED THIS WEEK
FOR CUP FINAL
AT CRYSTAL PALACE.
YOU MAY HAVE TWO.**

PEARSON'S WEEKLY is entertaining 100 readers at the final football match for the English Cup, which takes place at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, April 20th. Already a number of Cup Final tickets have been awarded and you should not miss this opportunity to win the tickets offered this week, for our guest list will soon be completed.

In addition to arranging for the admission of our readers to seats in the grand stand, where they may view the match in comfort, we are bearing the full expense of their visit to London. Our offer, therefore, includes:

- Free return railway ticket from any part of the United Kingdom to London.
- Hot Breakfast.
- A Drive in a char-a-banc round London.
- Hot dinner at 12 o'clock.
- A Drive to the Crystal Palace.
- Admission to the Palace.
- Five shilling seat in the Grand Stand to witness the match.
- A Drive back from the Crystal Palace to London.
- Substantial Tea.

We invite you to take part in this ideal outing and to bring a friend, and in the next column you will find full particulars of what you have to do in order to get tickets. This week eight free tickets—four pairs—for the English Cup Final are offered for the best Football Snapshots on "Clapton ORIENT," the name of the popular London East-end Club.

The names of this week's winners of tickets for the English Cup Final will be found on page 3 of cover.

HOW TO MAKE FOOTBALL SNAPSHOTS.

To make a Football Snapshot, you take the name of Clapton ORIENT if you wish to try for Cup Final tickets, or SCOTLAND if you wish International Tickets, and make a phrase or sentence of three words, the initials of which must be the last three letters of the name you have chosen. You may use the three letters in any order you like if it will help you to make a better sentence or phrase. It is this sentence or phrase that is called a Football Snapshot.

EXAMPLE OF A FOOTBALL SNAPSHOT.

Supposing you were given the club FULHAM, here is an example which will show you at a glance how to make a Football Snapshot:—Club: FULHAM. Football Snapshot: A NICE BREAKAWAY.

The winning attempts published on page 3 of cover, will also show you how to make Football Snapshots.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. When you have filled up the entry form, get your friend to sign his or her name below yours, then cut it out, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of Pearson's Weekly, Haverhill Street, London, W.C. No other communication to be included.
2. All entry forms must bear the usual signatures in ink of the competitor and friend. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
3. Each competitor and friend must give their real names and addresses. Unless this condition is complied with, they forfeit their right to a prize.
4. Envelopes with entries for English Cup Final tickets, must be marked "Orient" on the top left-hand corner, and those for Scottish International, "Scotland." All attempts must be posted to arrive not later than Thursday, March 7th.
5. The prizes will be awarded for the attempts considered the best. After these have been selected a free invitation will be sent to each of the readers whose names appear on the winning entry forms, to travel from the addresses they give, to view the English Cup Final or the Scottish International.
6. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.
7. The published decision is final and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

You will notice that we are according the tickets in pairs. This is to enable you to take a friend with you so that your visit to London or Glasgow may be the more enjoyable.

ENTRY FORM. FOOTBALL SNAPSHOTS. 7/3/12.

Write your three words clearly in ink.

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LAST WEEK OF INTERNATIONAL TICKETS.

**10 OFFERED BELOW
TO SCOTTISH READERS.**

In addition to taking 100 readers to the English Cup Final, Pearson's Weekly has arranged for the admission of 50 readers to view the International Football Match between Scotland and England, to be played at Glasgow on Saturday, March 23rd.

This competition is open to readers domiciled in Scotland only, and on that account should appeal to every Scottish reader.

As the date of the International is almost due, it is unable to give any International tickets away at the moment, so we would urge you to do your best to win the tickets offered below.

As in the case of our English Cup trip, every reader will be done to give our Scottish guests a real good time. We propose to defray all the expenses, as follows:

- Free return railway ticket from any part of Scotland to Glasgow.
- A drive round Glasgow.
- Three-course dinner at twelve o'clock.
- A drive to the football field.
- Five Shilling Seat in Grand Stand to witness match.
- A drive back from the football field.
- Substantial Tea.

In the second column you will find full particulars of what you have to do in order to win tickets.

This week ten free tickets—five pairs—for the Scottish International Match are offered for the best Football Snapshots on "SCOTLAND," the name of one of the teams taking part in the great International Football Match to be played at Glasgow on March 23rd.

The names of this week's winners of tickets for the Scottish International will be found on page 3 of cover.

Give your reason for your name. For the best I will give five shillings. Mark postcards "Billet." (See page 894.)

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PAYING BACK.

A VERY poor man who had to wait a long time for his dinner in a cook-shop before he could get served, found his appetite so much appeased by the smell of cooking that he proposed to go without his meal, but the cook insisted upon payment, and a quarrel ensued.

At length they agreed to refer their altercation to the first person passing the door. That person happened to be a notorious idiot.

Having heard the complaint, he decreed that the poor man's money should be placed between two empty dishes, and that the cook should be recompensed with the jingling of his cash, as the other was with the fumes of the meat.

Clara: "I suppose the brightest moment in your life was when Jack proposed?"

Cora: "Brightest? There wasn't a particle of light in the room!"

"WHAT I want," said the eminent counsel, "is to prove that my client is mentally deficient."

"Certainly," replied his brother K.C. "There won't be the least trouble in showing that, so long as he has employed you to defend him."

Fatigued Felix (the tramp): "I sometimes think our profession is just the meanest business goin'."

Hungry Henry: "Wot's wrong with it?"

F. F.: "Well, w'en other fellers is abused, they kin strike, but the only way we could strike would be by goin' to work!"

HE WANTED NOISE.

"Is the house very quiet?" he asked, as he inspected the room that had been advertised to let.

"No," said the landlady wearily, "I can't truthfully say that it is. The four babies don't make much noise, for they never all cry at once, and the three pianos one gets used to, and the parrot is quiet sometimes; but the man with the clarinet and the boy that's learning to play the flute do make it noisier than I wish it was."

"That's all right," said the man cheerfully. "Live and let live is my motto! I'll take the room and move in to-morrow, and the little things you mention will never disturb me. Good-morning!"

And it was not till he was moved in and was settled that they learned his occupation. He played a trombone in an orchestra.

Dangle: "Our servant lighted the fire with paraffin the other morning."

Polts: "Did you discharge her?"

Dangle: "We haven't found her yet."

He: "And did you call at Monte Carlo while you were at Nice?"

She: "No. Papa called on him, I believe; but from his disappointed appearance when he returned to the hotel, I think Mr. Carlo must have been out!"

Bobby: "Papa's the captain of our ship and mamma's the pilot."

His Teacher: "And what are you?"

Bobby: "I'm the compass, I suppose; they're always boxing me."

A GOOD DEFENCE.

A STOUT old gentleman was bitten in the calf of the leg by a dog. He at once rushed to the justice of the peace and laid a complaint against a man in the neighbourhood whom he supposed to be the owner of the offending cur. The following was the defence offered at the trial:

"(1) By testimony in favour of the general good character of my dog I shall prove that nothing could make him so forgetful of his canine dignity as to bite a calf.

"(2) He is blind, and cannot see to bite.

"(3) Even if he could see to bite, it would be utterly impossible for him to go out of his way to do so, on account of his severe lameness.

"(4) Granting his eyes and legs to be good, he has no teeth.

"(5) My dog is always muzzled, and chained in the yard.

"(6) My dog died six weeks ago.

"(7) I never had a dog."

HIS BEST TRICK.

"THEY say he is something of a fancy skater," she said.

He looked up in surprise.

"Well, I don't know, but he excels in his favourite figure," he said at last. "Still, until he spoke of it, I hadn't regarded him exactly as an expert, except in—in—"

"Well?"

"Why, he can travel further on one ear than any one else who ever put on skates."

Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand
And see what we will give you.
(See page 886).

BRUTAL MAN.

A COLLECTOR, checking tickets in a station, comes to a carriage where a number of travellers are having a jollification.

One of them (to Collector in a stage whisper): "Here, have you time to take a nip?"

Collector (looking hurriedly up and down the platform): "Yes, the station-master isn't about."

"Well," said the man, "take a nip out of that," handing him the ticket.



TOMMY'S ONE AND ONLY.

Little Harry: "Hallo, Jack! Is Tommy in?"
Little Jack: "Of course he is! Can't you see his shirt on the line?"

KICKED DOWN.

Caller (on crutches, and with a bandage over one eye): "I have come, sir, to make application for the amount due to me on my accident insurance policy. I fell down a long flight of steps the other evening, and sustained damages that will disable me for a month to come."

Official of Insurance Company: "Young man, I have taken the trouble to investigate your case, and I find that you are not entitled to anything. It could not be called an accident. You knew the young woman's father was at home!"

Frost: "How's your little daughter's musical education progressing?"

Snow: "Finely. At first she could play only classical music, but now she can do ragtime."

NO TIME!

Miss Specs (B.A. Lond.): "Charles, did you ever allow your mind to pierce the secrets of the universe, to reason that this dull, cold world is but the sepulchre of ages past, that man in all his glory is but the soil we tread, which every breeze wafts in an ever-shifting maze, to be found and lost in an infinity of particles—the dust of centuries, reunited and dissolved as long as time shall endure?"

Charles: "No-o, I can't say I have. You see, I've had to earn my own living."

POLITICAL JOBS.

THE fagged-out Cabinet Minister, catching a brief respite from the mob of importunate place-hunters. A card was brought in. Under the name was written, "I want an appointment."

"Show the gentleman up," said the Minister eagerly. He entered. "My dear sir," said the official, "I'm glad to see you. You are the only man I've seen for weeks who doesn't want an appointment of some kind."

"Oh, no; I came to ask an appointment for a friend of mine."

Teacher: "Willie, you are to stay in after school and do three extra sums."

Willie: "What! And get put out of the School boys' Union for workin' overtime? No, thank you!"

"I'm that tired, mum," said Mosely Wragg to the pitying matron who had offered him bread-and-butter and coffee, "that I don't believe I could raise a cup o' cawty to my mouth; but if you've got a leetle spirits of any kind in the house I think I could swallow a small glassful of it."

Mrs. Jones: "My sister is worried to death over her son Reginald. She wants him to enter the ministry, his father wants him to go into business, while Reginald himself has got his mind set on being an actor, and says nothing shall keep him from it."

Mrs. Brown: "Hum! How old is he?"

Mrs. Jones: "He's getting on for seven."

TEACHING HIM ENGLISH.

"PAY one pound," said the magistrate. The Chinaman preserved a brilliant countenance.

"You havee to payee one pound," said the clerk.

Still the brickwall.

"Youee havee toee payee one poundee," said the warder.

The Chinaman regarded him with the gaze of an oyster.

Then up rose the prosecuting counsel.

"Look here, Li," said he, "the magistrate says you've got to pay two pounds!"

"No fear!" shouted the Chinaman. "He only said one pound."

Tourist: "But these sandwiches are disgracefully small."

Lady Behind the Counter: "But then the train stops here only one minute."

"You must embrace every opportunity, my friends," said the orator at the Woman's Suffrage meeting.

And the applause which came from the unmarried section of the assembly carried him almost off his feet.

"I HAVE here a reprieve for you," said the Home Secretary, "said the governor of the prison to the callous murderer."

"Ah," replied the latter, "no, it is good news, as the proverb says."

THE NOTE TOOK THE WRONG TURNING.

A YOUNG gentleman, whose gallantry was largely in excess of his pecuniary means, endeavored to remedy this defect, and save the money required for the purchase of expensive flowers, by arranging with a gardener to let him have a bouquet from time to time in return for his cast-off roses.

It thus happened one day that he received a bunch of the most beautiful roses, which he at once sent off to his lady-love.

In sure anticipation of a friendly welcome, he called on her the same evening, and was a little surprised at the frosty reception he met with.

"You sent me a note to-day," the young man remarked, after a pause, in the most frigid manner.

"I—a note?" he inquired in blank amazement.

"Certainly, along with a bouquet."

"To be sure I sent you a bouquet."

"And there was this note inside. Do you still mean to deny it?"

With these words she handed the dumfounded swain a scrap of paper, on which the following words were written:

"Don't forget the old trousers you promised me the other day."

No More Face Spots or Eczema

Do you suffer with facial eczema, pimples, blotches, or blackheads? If so, suffer no longer, for Antexema removes every spot, rash or sign of eczema. The first touch cools the inflamed surface, and all itching stops immediately. Your skin trouble starts to go away, new skin begins to grow, and day by day your skin looks healthier, until every blemish disappears never to return.

Whatever your skin illness it will be cleared right away by Antexema. It does not matter whether your trouble is on your face, hands, arms, legs, chest or back, or how badly you have been disappointed before, Antexema cannot fail to cure you. Nothing else works such wonders. Antexema cures every form of eczema, eruptions, baby rashes, barber's rash, ringworm, chaps, chilblains, bad legs, little scratches, cuts, and roughnesses of the skin, and every variety of itching, burning, scaly, pimply or blotchy skin disease.

A Remarkable Cure.

Mr. W. H., of North Holmwood, writes:—"Last winter I was afflicted with horrid itching pimples that kept me constantly scratching to obtain a moment's relief. I tried many preparations and went to a doctor, but nothing did me any good. I then went to various chemists and tried their remedies, but without result. For eight consecutive nights I had no sleep, for the heat of the bed seemed to intensify the terrible irritation. I sent for a sample of Antexema, found a slight improvement, and then purchased the treatment. I gained great relief, and before I had used up a second supply, I was completely cured, and able to sleep comfortably. A friend similarly troubled, and who

used Antexema on my advice, is absolutely cured." Reader! It will just as surely cure you.

Antexema is a blessing to mothers, as it is the safest and most efficacious of all remedies for the skin ailments of babies and young children. Eczema, itching rashes, scalp troubles, chafing and tenderness of the skin are all cured by Antexema. The irritation is soothed away, and the poor little sufferer who was tormented by irritation or soreness of the skin is able once again to enjoy sweet and refreshing repose.

Antexema is Unique.

Never use greasy ointment for skin illness. It looks unsightly, soils your clothing, stops up the pores of your skin, and, after all, fails to cure. Antexema is entirely different. It is a cool, creamy liquid, made up from a physician's prescription with scrupulous care and accuracy. Skin troubles that resist every other treatment are driven out of the system by Antexema. It forms an invisible, protective, antiseptic covering over the bad place, destroys disease germs, and perfect skin health is soon regained. Nothing else works such wonders.

Do your duty to your skin. Go to any chemist or stores and get a bottle of Antexema to-day. Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Stores, and Lewis and Burrows supply it at 1/1 and 2/3, or direct, post free 1/3 and 2/3, from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, Jeffreys Place, London, N.W. Also in India, Australasia, Canada, South Africa and throughout Europe.

P.S. — Please note the name, Ant-ex-ema and avoid quack nostrums.



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RUBBER HEELS

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there's the Economy!

Wood-Milnes being made from better quality Rubber than the rest, are most resilient—the longest wearing—and the most economical heels in the world; they outlast, in point of fact, three ordinary leather soles.

Made in many sizes and Black, Brown, or Grey Rubber.



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The finest quality rubber heels ever offered. For Ladies, 1s. per pair. For Gents, 1s. 3d. per pair. Remember there are rubber heels that cost you less to begin with, but there are none so truly cheap in the end. Your bootmaker can supply you. It's best to let him fix them.



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DAINTY DISHES and HOME HINTS.

Thick Apple Jelly.

Take one pound of apples, peel and core them, add three-quarters of a pound of caster sugar, sifted, and heated in the oven. Place the apples into a saucepan with a quarter of a pint of water and the juice and grated rind of a lemon. Boil till stiff and dark. Then place in a dry mould and leave till set.

3 Tasty Rice Dishes.

Yokohama Rice.

Take one cupful of rice and boil it, add a few small pieces of butter and half a cupful of grated cheese, the same quantity of cream, season with pepper and salt, and bake in the oven.

Tokio Rice.

Soak half a cupful of rice overnight. Cook it in broth the next day till the grains are soft. Make a sauce with two tablespoonfuls of butter melted before the fire, the same quantity of flour, pepper, salt, and a cupful of milk. Cook this sauce till it becomes creamy, and then add the rice. Pour all into a dish, cover with crumbs, and bake a light brown.

Sweet Rice.

Boil some rice and set in a mould. Turn it out on a plate and cover with whipped cream. Decorate with glacé cherries, and pour round it a custard flavoured with vanilla.

2 Potted Meat Recipes.

Potted Ox-tail.

Cut the ox-tail into joints and remove all the fat. Place a little dripping into a stewpan, and when hot put the ox-tail into it and allow to get thoroughly brown. Then cover with water and stew for two hours and a half. Remove the pan from the fire, cut the meat into small pieces, place in a mould, season the stock with pepper and salt, and strain it over the meat. Fill the mould to the brim, and leave for twenty-four hours, then turn out.

Potted Beef.

Take two pounds of lean beef and cut it into small pieces. Place it in a jar with a tablespoonful of water, a pinch of powdered allspice, a few cloves, a little mace, and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Cover with a close-fitting lid and stand the jar in a saucepan of boiling water in the oven in a baking-tin, which should be filled with boiling water, the water being replaced as it boils away. Cook gently for three hours, then pound well in a mortar. Add any gravy which the meat may have yielded, season to taste, pass through a wire sieve, and press into pots. Cover with clarified butter.

Electric Light Globes

Should be polished with dry, softly crumpled newspaper.

To Prevent the Smell of Onions

While cooking, place a little vinegar in an earthenware jar on the stove.

Saucepans

Should be filled with cold water and a small lump of soda as soon as finished with.

To Mend Loosened Tops of Oil Lamps.

Use melted alum applied like solder. This will be found more satisfactory than solder.

When Sweeping a Carpet.

Use torn shreds of dampened newspaper in places of tea leaves to keep the dust from rising.

When Scrubbing Tiles.

Add one tablespoonful of paraffin to a pail of water. This will clean them quickly and throw up the colours.

When Boiling a Cabbage or a Cauliflower.

Tie up a crust of bread in a muslin bag and place it in the saucepan. This will prevent the smell of cooking greens from pervading the house.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE.

Its remarkable sale of over 2,000,000 bottles annually.

The remarkable demand created for Veno's Lightning Cough Cure to the extent of over two million bottles annually is due not so much to judicious advertising as to the wonderful purity, safety, and efficacy of the remedy itself. It simply stands alone as a certain cure for coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, influenza, and chest and lung troubles in children or adults. Price 9d., 1s. 1d., and 2s. 9d., of all chemists.



I Don't Believe in Mascots

By LYDIA KYASHT.

[In this article Mlle. Lydia Kyasht, the beautiful and talented Russian dancer, tells why she does not believe in mascots and the good luck which they are supposed to bring. Mlle. Kyasht has designed a beautiful wrap coat for HOME NOTES Fashion Pages, and a free paper pattern, with full particulars for making it, is given away with the issue dated March 7th. Now on sale.]

I AM afraid I must confess to being a sad sceptic on the question of mascots and their power of imparting good luck.

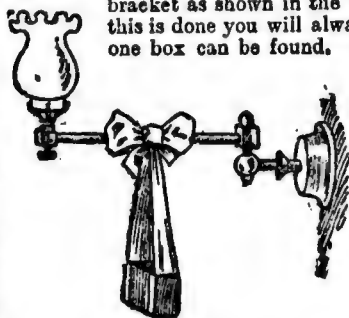
As a rule, we Russians do not believe in charms and mascots. We have a sort of national one which consists of seven elephants. Every house generally contains seven model elephants as a protection against bad luck. I have mine on a little necklet, but I do not always wear it.

Here in England I know it is quite the fashion to have a mascot. Almost every woman seems to have something to which she pins her faith. It may be a black cat, a lucky pig, or a biliken. Whatever it is, it occupies the place of honour in her room, and a duplicate is generally worn as a personal ornament. One even sees mascots attached to motor-cars to insure them against spills and accidents, but, personally, I very much question the miraculous power attributed to them.

Of course, if something good and unexpected

MATCHES ALWAYS AT HAND.

It is a good plan to attach a box of matches to a piece of ribbon, and tie the ribbon to the gas-bracket as shown in the illustration. If this is done you will always know where one box can be found. To attach the ribbon, take out the box and pass the ribbon through the cover from end to end.



Having drawn through a sufficient length, replace the box and tie it to the gas bracket. Besides being useful, the idea is also ornamental.

happens to the wearer, she would naturally put it down to the influence of her mascot, but I feel sure it would have happened just the same had she not been wearing her luck-bringer.

I heard of a man once who most firmly believed that by carrying a piece of dried ox-tongue in his pocket he would insure himself against all misfortunes. So firmly convinced was he of this that he generally offered a piece to any acquaintance who happened to be in bad luck at the time.

On one occasion he gave a piece to a young man friend who had had a tiff with his "best girl" which he was most anxious to make up. This poor young man wandered about with the dried ox-tongue for several months, and yet the girl was obdurate. Then one day he heard that the kind friend who had given it to him had committed suicide. Then he threw that dried ox-tongue away, and now I believe he and the dear girl are on the best of terms. This does not say much for the power of that mascot, does it?

Then I recently heard of another case. A woman believed (having been told by some one who professed to understand these things) that blue was her lucky colour, and that as long as she had a little blue about her dress she would always have the best of luck. Well, that woman was run down by a motor-car and very nearly killed while she was wearing a blue gown.

Of course, those who believe in these charms will say perhaps that if she had not been wearing blue, she might have been killed right out. Perhaps—perhaps not. Anyway, I do not think that being run down by a car could be considered exactly the thing which one would expect while protected by a wonderful mascot.

PAPER-BAG DISHES and HINTS.

Ground Rice Fritters.

Take the required quantity of ground rice and rub smooth in a little milk, then add enough boiling milk to make a thick paste. Add a teaspoonful of onion juice, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, pepper and salt to taste, and a tablespoonful of grated cheese. Mix well and allow to get cold. Then form balls out of the paste and cook for fifteen minutes in a well-buttered bag.

Chicken Patties.

Mince finely the remains of any cold chicken with a little ham or tongue, season to taste with salt and pepper, and moisten with a little sauce, white or brown as preferred. Roll out some puff paste about an eighth of an inch thick and line some patty pans. Place in each a tablespoonful of the chicken mixture, roll out some more paste, slightly thicker than the first lot, stamp into rounds the size of the top of the patty pans, and wet the edges. Cover the patty pans and press firmly at the edges. Place in a well-greased Papakuk bag, clip, and bake on a grid shelf for twenty minutes.

Scotch Collops.

Mince finely a pound of lean beef steak, freed from skin and fat. Melt an ounce of butter and finely mince half an onion. Fry this in the butter to a light brown, then stir into it a dessertspoonful of flour and cook for a few minutes longer, add the minced meat, and one gill of stock. Place in a buttered bag, fasten the ends with clips, and cook on a grid in the oven for twenty minutes. Slit open the bag, place the contents on a dish, sprinkle with chopped parsley, and garnish with small pieces of toast.

Spotted Dick.

Sift three-quarters of a pound of flour and add a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of baking powder, and six ounces of chopped suet; add enough water to make a stiff paste. Roll it out and sprinkle with plenty of currants. Wet the edges and roll up the paste. Butter and flour a Papakuk bag, place the roll in it with half a pint of water, clip the ends, and cook on a wire grid for one hour and three-quarters.

A Nice Cake.

Cream together half a pound each of butter and sugar. Thoroughly beat two eggs and add to the creamed butter. To this add three-quarters of a pound of flour, one ounce of caraway seeds, and half a grated nutmeg. Mix well and then add half a gill of milk and a few drops of almond essence. Work in another three-quarters of a pound of flour and knead into a smooth dough. Roll this out half an inch thick and cut into rounds the size of the top of a breakfast cup. Slip the rounds into a Papakuk bag and bake in a moderate oven.

No Baking Powder

Is required in cakes or pastry cooked in Papakuk bags.

When Cooking Pastry

In Papakuk bags it is not necessary to grease the bag.

Freshly Haddock

Can be cooked in a well-greased bag with a tablespoonful of water.

When Cooking Smoked Haddocks

In Papakuk bags, wipe and butter and pepper them before placing them in the bag.

Potatoes

Should be thickly sliced, washed, and placed in a well-greased bag and cooked in their own steam.

A NATION OF HUNTERS.

"A nation of animal feeders," says Liebig, "is always a nation of hunters, for the use of rich nitrogenous diet demands a large amount of physical exertion, as is seen in the restless disposition of all the carnivora of our menageries." Brought up-to-date, this means that we as a nation eat too much meat—for few of us hunt nowadays. Why is it that on all sides medicines of every kind are required to convert the ill of indigestion, etc.? Because we do not study Nature sufficiently. Our tastes are somewhat vitiated, and we are apt to think too much of the supposed value of meat. But let us bear in mind that Nature's foodstuffs come first. Take, for example, the little Greek Currant, which is the most wonderful food in the world, because it is all pure nourishment in an easily assimilable form, and moreover most economical.

Prescribed for Members of the Royal Family

Kutnow's Powder

The Great Household Remedy

For Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Sciatica,
Biliousness, Liver, Stomach and Kidney Troubles

Fill Up and Send in Coupon Below

THE UNEQUALLED MERITS of Kutnow's Powder are everywhere acknowledged. Doctors, Nurses, Clergymen, Army Officers, and, indeed, people of all callings and of both sexes have borne testimony in spontaneous letters to the great benefit they have derived from this great household remedy.

KUTNOW'S POWDER cleanses the system, and thus fits you to resist the ravages of disease germs which are so plentiful, and which bring dire disease and terrible disaster in their train.

YOU ARE INVITED to make a free trial of the remedy. All you need do is to fill up the coupon and post it to Messrs. Kutnow, and you will receive a trial sample of the Powder free and post-paid.

READ WHAT Clergymen and Army Officers who have tried and proved the value of the remedy—a remedy that has stood the test of time—say :

Rev. J. Palluel writes :

"After having used the sample of Kutnow's Powder, and encouraged by its beneficial effects, I at once obtained three bottles of your Powder from Bombay. I am more than ever convinced of the efficacy of Kutnow's Powder and its cleansing and antibilious properties, and you can consider me hereafter as one of your best clients.—Roman Catholic Mission, Nagpur, British India."

Major G. S. Goldsmid writes :

"I have finished the sample bottle of Kutnow's Powder with satisfactory results, and I certainly intend getting a larger supply very shortly. Your Powder has helped me considerably in relieving Constipation and Eczema, which latter followed on a bad attack of Sciatica. There is no doubt of its efficacy to allay any bad symptoms from the presence of uric acid.—Foyle Road, Westcombe Park, Blackheath, London, S.E."

THERE IS ONLY ONE KUTNOW'S

FREE SAMPLE COUPON BELOW

THERE IS ONLY ONE KUTNOW'S



ACCEPT NO WORTHLESS SUBSTITUTE

To Messrs. S. Kutnow & Co. Ltd.,
41 Farringdon Road,
London, E.C.

Please send me a free sample of
Kutnow's Powder.

Name

Address

PEARSON'S WEEKLY, 7/3/12.

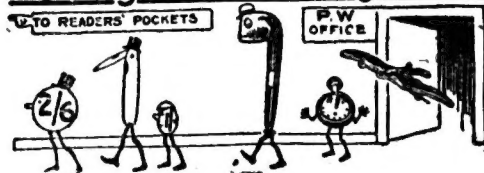
N.B.—If the envelope is unsealed use
only ½d. stamp.



ACCEPT NO WORTHLESS SUBSTITUTE

We all go the Same Way Home

TO READERS' POCKETS



MAKING "MIDDLES."

"MAY we use the middle letter of our chosen word as initial of both words in the 'Middle' if we like?" Such is the question that reaches me from a number of readers.

Certainly you can. The rules distinctly state that the second word of your "Middle" can have as initial any of the letters in the chosen word. One of our examples is: *Chosen word—Money; Middle—Navy's Necessity*, thus using the N as initial for both words.

I hope to be able to give the first list of names and addresses of winners in next week's issue.

WHO WANTS HAPPINESS?

The Blue Bird, as you probably know, is the emblem of happiness, and that is a thing of which we all would like a big share. Lots of people nowadays like to introduce the Blue Bird into their homes by having it on their wallpapers or on their persons in the shape of jewellery or even embroidered on blouses.

It is a very pretty idea, and so I am going to offer a number of charming little Blue Bird brooches in our Footline prizes week by week. These little brooches are of solid silver, most exquisitely enamelled, a little piece of jewellery that the most fastidious would be pleased to win. Five of these dainty little brooches are offered as prizes this week on page 900. Try to win one.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The House of Lords might seem a prosy subject for a rhyme, but not so to readers of *P.W.*, for in response to my request for four-line verses on this subject in a Footline Competition, rhymes of all descriptions have been sent me.

The majority, I fear, were somewhat critical of the Upper House, but here are two attempts to which no exception will be taken. The first sender sings:

"The House of Lords is a grand old place,
Both fashions and fossils are found there;
Its members enjoy the state of the blest,
For 'crowns,' 'robes,' and 'thrones' just
abound there."

The second verse which I shall quote reads as follows:

"A club reviled by mere M.P.'s,
Who swear they'll end or mend it;
But yet they miss no chance to seize
A 'title' to defend it."

MILLIONAIRES AND YOU.

WHAT is the difference between a millionaire and you?

I own that this question which I put to the Footline competitors is a somewhat blunt one, but it has elicited a number of very smart replies.

"The difference between a millionaire and myself," wrote one of my readers, for example, "is that he can air his notes and I can only note his airs."

"The millionaire pays taxis daily while I pay taxes yearly," was the clever reply of a second competitor.

Equally smart was the following from a third reader.

"The millionaire has a big one and six little o's; while I have six little ones and O."

And still another competitor, pointing out the difference between a millionaire and himself, wrote:

"He labours to make money through his trusts, and I trust to make money through my labours." Awards in our Footline competitions will be found on cover page opposite.

ONIONS FOR BEAUTY.

PASSÉ is getting on in years. On her own confession she is twenty-four. That is quite an advanced age for ladies nowadays, and PASSÉ feels that the strain of existence will leave its mark on her face. She writes, therefore: "I don't want to become ugly. The thought of that makes me keep awake at night. I have heard, Mr. Editor, that no one need be ugly if they will eat raw onions regularly. Can you tell me if there is any truth in this?"

Frankly, PASSÉ, I can't! I don't want to be

personal, but I think, taking one thing with another, I would rather have the face I have got than the general smell of raw onions I might acquire! I am afraid that if raw onions were a cure for ugliness there would be such a rush on them that they would be much too expensive for my pocket. I have recommended onion diet to two members of my staff, however, and if there are any favourable results, PASSÉ, I will write and let you know. Till you hear from me leave your face alone, and go to sleep at night. Keeping awake will only bring on the wrinkles.

RAISE YOUR HAT.

MANY of our everyday little forms of courtesy have come down to us from ages when life was not quite so safe as it is now. Raising your hat is one of them. BOWLER is the questioner this time. "Though I have asked all my friends," he writes, "no one has yet been able to give me a satisfactory explanation of this custom. Can you enlighten me on the subject?"

Certainly, BOWLER. The custom has come down to us from the age of chivalry, when knights were clothed in armour from head to foot. Incased in steel he was pretty safe from attack. When he was with his friends, however, he removed his helmet. Though the custom of wearing armour has long passed away, there still remains this relic of it, raising one's headgear to acknowledge that you are in the company of a friend.

IS HE A BIRD?

AVIATOR can't fly, but he is getting on that way, as witness his letter: "I wonder if you can give me an explanation of a curious formation I have on my feet and also to a lesser extent on my hands. My toes are all webbed like those of a duck. The webbing extends quite a long way up my toes. Between my fingers the growth of skin is much larger than it is with the majority of people. Is this because we are descended from birds, or what? I have been told that I should make a good swimmer, though I have never learnt."

No, AVIATOR, it is not because you are descended from birds. For one thing a very large number of birds have no webbing or very little between their toes. You need not worry about your extra supply of skin on your hands and feet. Many people have the same peculiarity. There is on record a case of one family whose second and third fingers were webbed right up to the tip, while all their toes were more or less webbed. Judging by ducks, I shouldn't be at all surprised if you would make a good swimmer. Why not learn?

A QUESTION OF KISSES.

NOT everyone has the luck of OSCULATE, who writes: "I am in a difficulty, and I know that you will help me out. I have just turned twenty-two and I have got no fewer than seven girl cousins who are all growing up. I have been in the habit of kissing them whenever I see them, but now they are beginning to leave off short frocks and put their hair up the position of affairs is altered. They are all awfully nice. I wish you could tell me when I ought to stop kissing them."

OSCULATE, you are a very lucky young man. Few men have seven awfully nice cousins who are changing from the flapper stage to full-grown, charming womanhood. But your question requires very serious and lengthy consideration. A cynic once said that you should stop kissing young cousins when they are old enough for you to enjoy it. Personally I shouldn't stop until I was told, collectively and individually, by the fair cousins in question. Enjoy yourself while you can, OSCULATE.

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL

If you have tears prepare to shed them now. This paragraph is calculated to make a stone image weep. It is occasioned by a reader who signs himself simply GEORGE, and writes: "Seeing the way you help lovers in distress, may I ask you to give publicity to my case. Three months ago I became engaged. When I did so my sweetheart asked me to shave off my moustache as she preferred clean-shaven men. Although I had trained that moustache from my youth up, although I had waxed it and curled it and caressed it times without number, and although no barberous blade had ever touched it, I yielded to my sweetheart and removed the offending hairs. Now, Mr. Editor, she has broken off the engagement on the score that I look worse shaved than I did unshaved. What can I do under the circumstances?"

Grow another moustache, GEORGE. But, oh, the fickleness of the fair sex! I have had many

heartrending letters sent to me, but never yet have I had one which spells the very depths of woman's yours does, GEORGE. It is the unkindest razer of all. Words fail me, GEORGE. Greater love can no man show for woman than you have done. My parting advice to you, GEORGE, is "Let your whiskers grow," and face the future bravely.

FLOR-DE-CABBAGE.

ETHEL is one of those enterprising wives who are devoted heart and soul to their husbands. Her devotion surpasseth human understanding. She writes: "In a few weeks' time it is my husband's birthday, and I wish to give him a small present. He is a heavy smoker, and no one enjoys a cigar more than he does, so I thought that if I gave him some of his favourite smokes that he would be pleased, but of course I can't ask him about the price because I want to surprise him. Do you think a shilling a dozen would be too much to pay for them?"

Certainly I do, ETHEL; that is to say, I think it would be too much for your husband. If you gave your husband cigars at a shilling a dozen I think he would get such a surprise on his birthday that he would never recover. ETHEL, I don't want to be unkind, but it would be far wiser for you to give him the shilling and tell him to go out and spend it. There are two things which a woman should never buy a man. One is tobacco in any shape or form. The other is a necktie. Women don't understand these things. For your husband's sake, ETHEL, I hope that he reads this paragraph before his birthday.

ANOTHER LIST OF GIFT WINNERS.

They carried their *Pearson's* in their hand, And this is what we gave them.

F. D'Arcy, Sunnyside, Sydney Road, Watford, Herts, Essex.
W. D. Bentley, 3 Spring Gardens, S.W., Pipe.
Mrs. Ashton, 20 Euston Street, Preston, Hat Pin.
H. M. Keeley, 5 Holley Road, Edgbaston, Cigar Cutter.
W. W. Brown, Lenaford House, George Street, Manchester, Pen.
R. F. Cowley, 59 Middle Street, Walker, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Pen.
A. Chatham, 49 Sutton Street, Aston, Brooch.
E. S. Hinson, 36 Llanover Road, Wembley, Middlesex, Pen.
Mrs. Whiteside, 24 Cowley Road, Walton, Liverpool, Hat Pin.
Mrs. Allcock, 3 Morley Road, Twickenham, Ladies' Pen.
W. Thompson, care of Shore-ditch Public Baths, Hoxton, Cigar Cutter.
Miss L. Thompson, 14 Cowley Road, Walton, Liverpool, Hat Pin.
J. Allatt, 17 Brough Buildings, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Silver Cigar Cutter.
H. B. Kor, "Riversleigh," East Street, Tonbridge, Kent, Pen.
Miss Peterson, 7 Claremont Gardens, Minglevie, Glasgow, Pen.
R. G. Deane, 123 Sandringham Road, Watford, Style Pen.
Miss Bergam, 7 Baraby Street, Ampthill Square, N.W., Pen.
W. Croker, Welcome Cottage, Washington Road, Wokingham, Surrey, Pencil Case.
F. C. Moore, 49 Deputy Street, Balham, S.W., Pipe.
T. Burr, 141 Baby Street, Byker, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Pen.
Miss Jendry, care of Mrs. Greenberg, 163 Commercial Road, Silver Cigar Cutter.
A. Aldridge, 171 Chester Road, Watford, Pencil Case.
R. Hodgkinson, 12 Reservoir Street, Liverpool, Style Pen.
W. Welsh, Westgate College, Westgate-on-Sea, Kent, Pen.
J. Baker, 351 Strone Road, Manor Park, Pen.
S. Davies, 3 Station Avenue, Edgbaston, Cigarette Case.
Lieut. B. Mawson, 22 Royal Scots Fens, Londonderry, Pen.
A. Davies, 81 Kildas, Marlborough Road, Walsdene, N. Devon, Cigarette Case.
S. Powell, 3 Thistleway House, Garden Village, Stoke-on-Trent, Pen.
H. W. King, 684 High Road, Leytonstone, Essex, Style Pen.
Miss Lena Chappelle, 68 Rosamond Street, Salford, Pen.
W. Graham, Jermyn Station Hotel, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Pen.
Miss G. Varley, 9 Zion Street, Salford, Style Pen.
L. White, 43 Grafton St., Kennington, S.E., Brooch.
C. L. Parkins, 13 Merryfield St., Cheetam, Manchester, Pen.
T. Douglas, 8 Titchfield Street, Kilmarnock, N.B., Pen.

So carry your *Pearson's* in your hand,
And see what we will give you.

RULES FOR FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on postcards, addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
2. You may take part in any number of these footline competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.
3. Each postcard must bear the usual signature in ink of the competitor. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
4. Each competitor must give his or her real name. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
5. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. You will find this name in the announcement of the competition in the footline. Provided these conditions are complied with, all the postcards may be sent in one envelope marked "Postcard" in the top left-hand corner, but each postcard must bear the full name and address of the sender.
6. All attempts must arrive not later than 1st March 7th.
7. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced in the footlines, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.
8. In the event of ties for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and, where the awards are gifts, the prize will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor.

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Note.—A prize for each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

Results of Footline Competitions.

"ARLY" CONTEST.

Prizes have been awarded to the winners of the four-line verses on the House of Commons. 40 Bright St., Crews; E. Ave., Alma Pk., Levenshulme; 25, Brookfield Rd., Bedford Pk.; 11, Cheadle Heath, Stockport; 1 Rd., West Norwood.

"SCUTT" CONTEST.

The winners of the five P.W. pencil answers to the question, "Why did I go to the wars?" are: Brooks, 6 Earl St., Fitzwilliam; 10, Ulster Place, Thurso; H. St., Burslem; Miss V. Cannell, 4 Warwick; T. Turnbull, Foxford, Co.

"MILLION" CONTEST.

Readers were invited to answer the question, "What is the difference between you and a best reply?" The best replies were received from the following: Dawson St., Plumstead; J. K. Joy, Miss E. O'Neill, Carnlough, Belfast; 11 Lauriston Place, Edinburgh; R. St., Paisley.

"HOMER" CONTEST.

The prize of 5s. offered for the nearest definition of Home Rule, in not more than twelve words, has been won by C. Wade, 83 Casewick Rd., West Norwood, whose contribution was as follows: "The right for countries who pay the 'piper' to call the tune."

"EXLAT" CONTEST.

For the most ingenious excuses for arriving late at the office, the prizes of five briar pipes have been won by the following: E. J. Broad, 3 Richardson Rd., Tunbridge Wells; G. Davies, 61 Swansea Rd., Llanelli; P. Fitzgerald, The Kangle, Haverhill; A. Hamilton, Baronscourt, Newtownstewart, Co. Tyrone; F. Lee, Rockville, Eyrarth, Ruthin, N. Wales.

"KIST" CONTEST.

Lady competitors were asked the question, "Should kissing be abolished?" A prize of a lady's hand-bag has been awarded to each of the two winners, whose names, with their answers, are as follows: Miss Francis, 10 Emma St., Accrington— "No, 'tis mother's most effective argument, father's salve for his heart, and consoles the grief of childhood." Miss C. Meredith, 26 Stockport Rd., Cheadle Heath— "Certainly not. A kiss is the stepping stone to bliss. Love without kisses is like bread unbuttered."

THE PRESENCE

A Fine Indian Character Study. :: ::

Kipling.

"IN THE PRESENCE"

This Splendid New Short Story by Rudyard Kipling appears in

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

Now Selling.

MARCH, 1912.

Price Sixpence.

Football Snapshots.

(Continued from page 898.)

ENGLISH CUP" TICKETS.

On February 8th, three pairs of tickets for the Crystal Palace were offered for the Snapshots on CHELSEA. The attempts were, together with the names and addresses were as follows:

SEA: Arch Spectators' Eyebrows.

Mrs. R. Kyn, 145 Penarth Road, Cardiff; Miss J. R. Kyn, of same address.

SEA: Army "Sharpshooters" Envious.

Wells, High Street, Uppingham, Rutland; Mrs. Wells.

SEA: "Stars" Although "Earthly."

Croft, 363 Harehill's Lane, Leeds; who D. Neal, 11 Ashton Place, Harehills.

FISH INTERNATIONAL" TICKETS.

On February 15th three pairs of tickets for the Snapshots were offered to Scottish readers for Snapshots on MORTON. The attempts were, together with the names and addresses were as follows:

TON: Object—"Net" Transactions.

George Barr, 52 Kildonan Street, Coatbridge; Angus Cunningham, 104 Dunbeth St.

TON: Nullify Ornamental Tactics.

James Taylor, 616 Alexandra Parade, Glasgow; nominated ROBERT McDUGALL, 97 St. George's, Glasgow.

TON: Nullify Opposition Tactics.

James G. McFarlane, 223 View Terrace, Glasgow; nominated JOHN MCCABE, 33 Wallfield St.

Result of Titles No. 4.

In this contest competitors were invited to suggest a title for an article telling about odd cures for diseases.

The amount available for distribution is £12 3s. The first prize of £6 3s. has been awarded to W. H. Victory, 29 Cardiff Road, Newport, Mon., who suggested the title:

SHAKE THE BODY, NOT THE BOTTLE.

6 GIFTS OF 21 EACH.

H. Brace, 4 Ruby Terrace, Coralie Street, Birmingham; C. Gilbert 30 Perryman St., Hurlingham; F. Ingham, Azalea, Victoria Avenue, Hull; A. R. Marshall, 107 Holsworthy Square, Gray's Inn Road; F. R. Simpson, 13 Dale Road, Luton; C. Thompson, 363 Edgo Lane, Droydsden, Manchester.

Result of "Picture" Parrot Contest

(Continued from page 890.)

The prize of £5 for the best last line in this contest was awarded to W. Nicholson, 15 Arnold Street, Liverpool, for the following:

To hook up a picture old Griggs

Tried to knock a nail into the wall;

But he hammered his poor thumb instead,

And the Parrot then started to bawl;

"Two shattered frames are on view."

Ten Consolation gifts of 10s. each have been awarded to the following:

Mrs. A. Bell, 33 Caird Drive, Partick, Glasgow; H. C. Blackwell, 3 Hadden Grove, Sale, Cheshire; C. Cooke, Harrison Rd., Erdington, Warwickshire; F. W. Finch, 65 King Edward Rd., Coventry; Mrs. W. Hall, Sunnyside Terr., Outwood, Wakefield; J. E. Howe, Greeta House, Burton-in-Lonsdale; E. W. Perry, 36 Herbert St., Mile End, Portsmouth; D. C. Peters, 34 Barrack St., Perth; Mrs. M. Robertson, Craigrothie, Fife; H. W. Smith, 143A Bellbarn Rd., Birmingham.

HOLIDAYS, 1912.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	Lighting Up Time for this Week.
April 5.	M 4 11 18 25	M 3 10 17 24 31	M 7 14 21 28	M 5 12 19 26	Mar. 1 ... 6.38
April 6.	M 5 12 19 26	M 4 11 18 25	M 8 15 22 29	M 6 13 20 27	" 2 ... 6.39
April 7.	M 6 13 20 27	M 5 12 19 26	M 9 16 23 30	M 7 14 21 28	" 3 ... 6.41
May 27.	W 7 14 21 28	W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 17 24	W 8 15 22 29	" 4 ... 6.42
August 5.	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	T 2 9 16 23 30	" 5 ... 6.43
Day December 25.	F 2 9 16 23	F 8 15 22 29	F 5 12 19 26	F 3 10 17 24 31	" 6 ... 6.45
December 26.	S 3 10 17 24	S 9 16 23 30	S 6 13 20 27	S 4 11 18 25	" 7 ... 6.47

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(Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.)

Assets exceed - £2,250,000.
Claims paid over £9,000,000.

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This Insurance Scheme covers any person travelling as a passenger in any part of Great Britain or Ireland.

OVER £13,000 ALREADY PAID

We pay any number of claims in respect of each accident—not the first claim only.

£1,000 RAILWAY
£100 RAILWAY
£100 CYCLING
£100 AEROPLANE
INSURANCE.
(For terms see below.)

504 CLAIMS ALREADY PAID.

Including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims of £1,000 each—not for one only. £1,000 specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C.4, to whom notices of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was travelling as a passenger (including post-office servants in railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

In the event of a person, not being a railway servant on duty, nor a suicide, nor engaged in an illegal act, having the current number of Pearson's Weekly on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he, or she, may be travelling as a passenger, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C.4, within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of anyone dying as the direct and sole result of injuries inflicted upon him (or her) within the United Kingdom by a falling aeroplane, provided that death occurs within twenty-four hours from the receipt of the injuries, that he (or she) shall prior to the accident have signed this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket in the space provided at the foot, that he (or she) shall not at the time be on the aeroplane nor engaged in aeronautics, and that notice of the accident be given to the Corporation within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract. This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-month's subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2, and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature

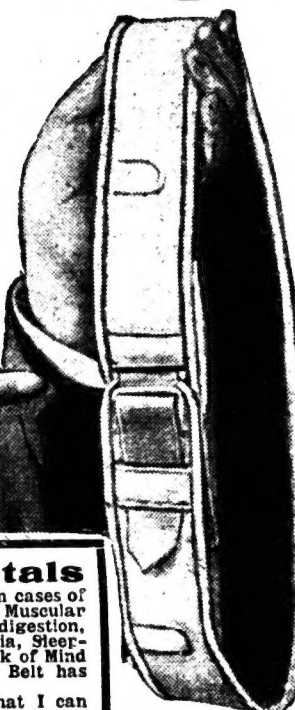
Available from 9 a.m. Wednesday, February 28th, 1912, until midnight, Thursday, March 7th, 1912.



Mr. Ambrose Wilson makes a very Special Offer to all who are Run Down, Depleted Bodily Strength and Energy, and who have found medicines fail to restore them. He

5/- I will send you my 1 Magneto Belt for 1

Call and see me and let me demonstrate the marvellous powers of my Belt to you.



It Will Make You Strong, Vigorous and Self-Confident in Every

I offer you a new lease of life. It does not matter what you have tried, or what other means have failed to cure you. My Belt of life will not fail to do you good. It has never failed yet, even in the most obstinate cases, while in thousands of instances it has effected a complete cure.

I INVITE EVERY SUFFERER to try my Magneto Belt of Life. The price is not £5 but 5s. (five shillings) by easy payments. My Belt is sent on seven days' trial immediately on receipt of 1s. deposit. After you receive the Belt you pay me the balance of 4s., or at the rate of 1s. weekly, whilst actually wearing it.

A correspondent from Gainsborough writes: "The improvement in my health since wearing your Magneto Belt is simply marvellous. I would not part with the Belt for anything, for I feel that the good health I now enjoy is entirely due to its recuperative powers."

From Cornwall a gentleman writes: "Your Belt of Life has done me a

great deal of good. Before it I was continually in the doctor's hands. Now, I can say, I am quite well, thanks to your Belt."

"Your Magneto Belt has done wonders with me," writes a lighted patient from Aldershot. "I feel six years younger since I put it on. I find myself both physically and mentally improved."

"Your Belt is honest," writes a well-known athlete from London. "It only cost me a few shillings, but it has done me a great deal of good."

"I am perfectly satisfied with your Belt of Life," writes a gentleman from Eastleigh. "It has done me a great deal of good, and has entirely cured all my aches and pains."

Medical Men and Hospitals

recognise Magnetism as a most effective curative power in cases of Rheumatism, Nervous Debility, Loss of Vital Nerve and Muscular Strength, Weak Back, Disordered Liver, Kidney Trouble, Indigestion, Gout, Constipation, Dizziness, Lack of Energy, Melancholia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Will Power, Want of Self-Confidence, Lack of Mind Concentration, Involuntary Blushing, &c. My Magneto Belt has cured thousands of such cases. Therefore I say

Don't Stay Weak. I know that I can make you strong, although you may now be depressed and lacking in vigour and confidence. You can be free from weakness and be the mental and physical equal of anyone of your age. The Vital Power which you need will be poured into your system by my Magneto Belt of Life. By the Laws of Nature you should be strong, active, and healthy until you are eighty. If you are weak, nervous, and debilitated, get new power, new life, new vigour into you by wearing a Magneto Belt.

Fill in this Coupon to-day. Send it with a postal order for 1s. to **AMBROSE WILSON** 56 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., and secure your Belt at once and begin to feel its power pouring new strength into you.

Name.....

Address.....

The size of my waist is inches.

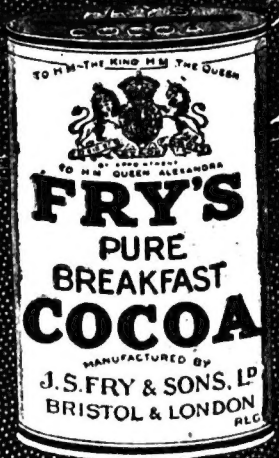
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Fry's Chocolate Confections are made by **BRITISH LABOUR** in British Factories where the conditions are as perfect as human skill and invention can make them; the manufactures themselves contain only the **FINEST INGREDIENTS** and are guaranteed by the Oldest Firm in the Trade for Purity and General Excellence. They are freshly made, daintily packed and superbly boxed. In Open Competition Fry's Cocoa and Chocolates **HAVE WON MORE AWARDS** Than Any Others.

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